

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 268.—VOL. X.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

RAILWAYS.

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

SANDOWN PARK ROYAL ARTILLERY STEEPLECHASES, on Friday, 14th March.

Frequent trains will run from WATERLOO, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junction Stations to ESHER, returning after the Races.

CHEAP TRAINS will run from Waterloo Bridge Station, commencing at 8 a.m. until 10 a.m. inclusive.

SPECIAL TRAINS, at Special Fares, will run from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Wimbledon Stations after 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. returning from Escher after the Races from 4.0 p.m. till 5.30 p.m. The last Special Train will leave Waterloo at 1.0 p.m.

Cheap Fares will be charged from Escher after 5.30 p.m.

Special Fares will be charged from Escher after the Races up to 5.10 p.m.

Passengers holding Cheap Return Tickets cannot return till after 5.30 p.m.

Trains leave Kensington for Clapham Junction (calling at Chelsea five minutes later) at 8.29, 8.48, 9.12, 9.33, 10.15, 10.55, 11.17, 11.48 a.m., 12.15 and 12.46 p.m. in connection with Trains to Escher.

N.B.—The Escher Race Specials (except the Members' Trains, which will leave No. 5 Platform as usual) will start from the New Station, Waterloo.

COURING AT PLUMPTON,

MARCH 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1, 2, and 3 Class) will leave London Bridge 9.0 a.m., calling at Croydon, Redhill Junction, Three Bridges, and Haywards Heath; Returning from Plumpton 4.40 p.m.

A SPECIAL TRAIN (1, 2, and 3 Class) will leave Brighton 10.0 a.m., calling at Lewes; Returning from Plumpton 4.45 p.m.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

WYE STEEPLECHASES, March 19th.

Special train to WYE and back.

Leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m., calling at Waterloo Junction, Cannon-street, London Bridge, and New Cross. Returning from Wye at 6.15 p.m.

Fares: First class 10s., third class 5s.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET STEEPLECHASES and HURDLE RACES, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 20th and 21st March, 1879.

On the above dates a SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2d, and 3d class) will leave ST. PANCRAS at 9.30 a.m. and Liverpool-street at 9.30 a.m. for NEWMARKET and Kennet, returning each day from Kennet at 4.30 p.m. and Newmarket at 4.50 p.m.

The course is situated within about half a mile of the Kennet Station and 3½ miles from Newmarket.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

London, March, 1879.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

LINCOLN SPRING RACES, 24th, 25th, and 26th MARCH.

On SUNDAY, 23rd MARCH, a Special Passenger Train in connection with the 5.0 p.m. Express from Kings Cross, will leave GRANTHAM at 7.28 p.m. and arrive at LINCOLN 8.5 p.m.

A Special Express Train conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers at ordinary Fares will also be run to Lincoln as under:—

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, 24th March, 25th March, 26th March.

King's Cross dep. 8.40 8.55 8.55

Finsbury Park " 8.48 9.3 9.3

Peterboro' " 10.22 10.40 10.40

Grantham " 11.30 11.25

Lincoln arr. 11.40 12.25 12.10

On WEDNESDAY, 26th March, a Special Express Train conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers will leave LINCOLN for London, Peterboro', Hitchin, and Cambridge as under:—

Lincoln dep. 6.10

Peterboro' " 7.30

Hitchin (for Cambridge) " 8.30

Cambridge " 9.35

London (King's Cross) " 9.20

Return tickets will be available by these trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, March, 1879.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

LIVERPOOL SPRING RACES AND GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.

LINCOLN TO LIVERPOOL IN THREE Hours, by the Nearest and most Expeditious Route. On WEDNESDAY, 26th March, 1879, SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS will leave LINCOLN (G. N. Station) at 5.10, 5.45, 6.0, and 6.30 p.m., and run as under:—

1, 2, & 3 Cl. 1st Cl. only 1, 2, & 3 Cl. 1, 2, & 3 Cl.

to M'chstr. to L'pool. to L'pool. to M'chstr. to L'pool.

Fast. Special. Special. Fast.

p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.

Lincoln (G. N. Station) dep. 5.10 5.45 6.0 6.30

Liverpool (M.S. & L. Cent. Sta.) arr. abt " 8.45 9.0 9.50

Manchester (London Road) " 7.45 " 9.0

Ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Single and Return Tickets will be available by these Trains.

FIRST CLASS TICKETS only will be issued by the 5.45 p.m. Special Express Train to Liverpool.

Tickets can be obtained at the Great Northern Station any time on Monday or Tuesday, and prior to the departure of the Express Trains on Wednesday.

Compartment can be reserved upon application to Mr. Johnson, Great Northern Station, Lincoln.

For Ordinary Train Service see Bills.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London Road Station, Manchester, March, 1879.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE: DIRECT

ROUTE TO INDIA.

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS. First Class Passenger Steamers fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified Surgeons and Stewards carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

TRINACRIA Saturday, March 15 Wednesday, March 19.

ANGIA Saturday, April 5 Saturday, April 12.

First Class, 45 Guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union Street, Glasgow; and 17, Water Street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel Walk, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament Street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. St. George's Hall, Langham-place.—"GRIMSTONE GRANGE," first time, Monday at eight. By Gilbert and Arthur A'Beckett. Concluding with A TRIP TO CAIRO, by Corney Grain. (Last Representations.) Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Morning Performances, Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.

THE ZULU WAR. Just added, the Battle of Isandula, illustrating the thrilling episode of the heroic stand against 20,000 Zulus by the gallant 24th, from the most authentic sources.

Hamilton's EXCURSIONS and GRAND PANSTEREORAMA of Passing Events, with superb and realistic scenes in Cyprus, England's Ironclad Fleet, the Kyber Pass. The storming and capture of the fortress of Ali Musjid. The Human Tripod. The O.I.C.M. Minstrels, and the Niggers Nick Pick. 6d. to 2s. Stalls, 3s. Nightly at 8. To-day (Saturday) and Monday, at 3 and 8.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

Pronounced by all the leading daily and weekly Papers to be THE BEST AND MOST DELIGHTFUL to be found amidst the whole round of London Amusements.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at 3 and 8.

Prices of admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. No Fees.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

Engagement of Mr. Sothern previous to his departure for America, who will appear every evening at 8.20 as David Garrick; and on Saturday Mornings, at 2.30, as Lord Dundreary. Mr. Sothern's stay cannot be prolonged after April 5th.

LYCEUM.—MR. HENRY IRVING, Sole

Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, at Half-past Seven, Shakespeare's Tragedy of HAMLET. Mr. Irving, Messrs. Forrester, C. Cooper, F. Cooper, Swinbourne, Elwood, Pinero, K. Bellow, Gibson, Tapping, Robinson, Cartwright, Collett, Harwood, Beaumont, Everard, Johnson, A. Andrews, Mead, Miss Pouncefort, Miss Sedley, and Miss Ellen Terry. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday. Acting Manager, Mr. Bram Stoker. Box-office open 10 to 5. Carriages at 11.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.

Grand revival (56th night) of Charles Reade's IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded by FAMILY JARS, at 7.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Proprietor, B.

Webster. Lessees and Managers, A. and S. Gatti.—Every Evening at 7.45, THE CRIMSON CROSS; Miss Neilson, Mr. H. Neville, Mr. H. Vezin; Messrs. Flockton, Forbes Robertson, Ashley, Markby, Pateman, George; Mesdames H. Coveney, C. Jecks, Compton, &c. At 7, WHO SPEAKS FIRST? Miss Lydia Foote. No booking fees.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Last

weeks of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, ONCE AGAIN; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1,336th and following nights). Concluding with A HIGHLAND FLING. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

OPERA COMIQUE.

H.M.S. PINAFORE.—Every evening, this successful nautical opera, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, by the original artistes; Messrs. G. Grossmith, R. Barrington, R. Temple, Clifton, and G. Power; Mesdames E. Howson, Everard, and Jessie Bond, at 8.30. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier. Preceded, at 7.45, by CUPS AND SAUCERS. Mr. G. Grossmith, and followed by the new Vaudeville, AFTER ALL, by F. Desprez, music by A. Cellier. Morning Performance every Saturday at 2.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers.—HOLT and WILMOT.

NEW BABYLON, by Paul Meritt.—"A thorough triumph."—Every one should see Tattersall's, Cremorne, Goodwood, and the Collision at Sea. Miss Caroline Hill and double company. Magnificent scenery by Thomas Rogers. Free list entirely suspended. Three extra rows of Stalls have been added in order to meet the demands of the public. Acting Manager, Mr. J. W. Curran.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Great

Success of Byron's new farcical piece, UNCLE, at 7.30. Revival for a few nights of Byron's celebrated Burlesque THE BOHEMIAN G'YURL. Open 6.30. Begin 6.45, with Operetta. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. Afternoon Performances every Saturday, 2 to 5.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNNDHAM.

Every Evening, at 9, the enormously successful new comedy, TRUTH, by Bronson Howard, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, supported by Messrs. H. Standing, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames L. Vining, M. Rorke, R. Norwood, E. Vining, R. Egan, F. Lee, and Mrs. Stephens. Preceded at 8 by THE WALL OF CHINA, and at 8.30 by ORANGE BLOSSOMS. Supported by Messrs. Carton, Francis, and Tritton; Mesdames Hewitt, Hilton, and Edgeworth. New scenery by Ryan. Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No booking fees.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager.

Every Evening, at 7.45, COUSIN DICK. Mesdames Kate Pattison, C. Graham, M. Wenman. At 8.30, THE LADIES' BATTLE. Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Grahame, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Hare. Concluding with UNCLE'S WILL. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Doors open at 7.15. Acting Manager—Mr. Huy.

SATURDAY MORNING, March 15th, LADIES' BATTLE, after which COUSIN DICK. Doors open at 2 o'clock.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING

Mesdames Adelaide Newton and Constance Loseby; Messrs. Knight Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelleher, C. Power, Mat Robson, and E. Righton. The Girards, M. Bruet and Mdlle. Reviere, the celebrated Buffo Duettists. Three Grand Ballets. Mdlles. Pertoldi, Gellert, Rosa, Imra Rokoh, and Signora Malvena Canallazzi (her first appearance here). Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30. Thirteenth Week.

GRECIAN THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor,

T. G. Clark.

MONDAY, March 17th, Mr. G. CONQUEST'S FAREWELL BENEFIT AND LAST APPEARANCE.

TUESDAY, and Every Evening at 7, New Drama in One Act, SEVEN YEARS AGO. Messrs. H. Parker, F. Shepherd, Dobell, Mesdames Agnes Thomas, Ada Morgan. Followed by a New Drama in Four Acts, by James Guiver, entitled THE LAST STROKE OF MIDNIGHT. Messrs. James, Sennett, Syms, H. Monkhouse, H. Grant, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Verner, Victor A. Thomas, Denvil, &c. Splendid New Scenery, Dresses, &c. Conclude with THE COOKS OF THE KITCHEN, by the great Lauri Family.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. Spry.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.

Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS. Immense Success of the great Adelphi drama, PROOF, with Miss Bella Pateman in her original character of Adrienne and also Madeleine. Mr. McIntyre as Pierre. Powerful company, scenery, and dresses. Monday, March 18th, at 7.15, the Adelphi drama, PROOF. Madeleine and Adrienne, Miss Bella Pateman; Pierre, Mr. McIntyre. Mesdames R. de Solla, Page, Neville, Rayner, Goward; Messrs. Walton, Percival, Chamberlain, Clarke, Gardiner, Vincent, Isaacson, &c. Conclude with a favourite farce.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted) at 6.45, New Drama, EVERSLIGH HOUSE. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Reynolds, Newboud, Towers, Drayton; Mdlles. Bellair, Adams, Brewer. Concluding every evening with Grand Pantomime, THE MAGIC MULE. Mrs. S. Lane, Mdlles. Randall, Summers, Luna, Sidney, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer; Messrs. Foster, Bigwood, Lewis, Rickets, Wilson, Tom Lovell. WEDNESDAY, Benefit of Tom Lovell (Clown). Commence with BITTER COLD, followed by Grand Pantomime, THE MAGIC MULE.

THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF

VARIETIES.

TRAFALGAR.

The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On Board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.

The Daily Telegraph says:—"Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits."

The Observer says:—"Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted."

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT during the Evening:

Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR.

CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 148, Strand, London

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Annual Tour

of England, Scotland, and Ireland. THEATRE ROYAL, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, MONDAY, MARCH 17th, for TWELVE NIGHTS. All the principal Cities of the Empire to follow. All dates filled to end of Tour.—Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Now

on View, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity. Sea Lions, with young one. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern. Living Birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom.—G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

EVANS'S,
COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor J. B. AMOR.

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Next week's issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a Portrait of Miss Josephine Yorke—The International Hurdle-Race at Croydon, by J. Sturgess—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—Carrying H.M.'s Mails in Canada—Mr. Howard Reynolds—Salmon Fishing in Norway, from sketches by a correspondent—Scene from "The Ladies' Battle," at the Court Theatre—"We Fly by Night"—Hunting in France in the 17th Century—Celebrated Musicians—Archangelo Corellis—Curious Anlers—Deer Stalking in the Highlands, etc. etc.

SHAKSPEARE MEMORIAL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE INAUGURAL FESTIVAL of the THEATRE will take place on APRIL 23rd, and following days.

The preliminary programme is issued and will be forwarded, free, on application to The SECRETARY, Shakspeare Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS

OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Instituted in 1738, incorporated in 1789, for the support and maintenance of Aged and Indigent Musicians, their Widows and Orphans, 12, Lisle-street, Leicester-square, W.

Patroness: Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN.

President of the day: The Right Hon. THE EARL OF DUNMORE, who has most kindly consented to preside, in consequence of the unavoidable absence of the Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen.

The HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will take place on Tuesday, March 18th, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's.

The musical arrangements will be on the usual extensive scale. Dinner at half-past six for seven o'clock precisely.

Tickets one Guinea each; to be had of the Committee, at Willis's Rooms; of Mr. J. W. STANDON, 45, Albert-street, Mornington-crescent; and of the SECRETARY, 84, New Bond street, W.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT having arrived

in London from his tour round the world, will give his RECITATIONS and READINGS from Popular Authors, also imitations of Public Celebrities, including "Artemus Ward," "Mark Twain," "Josh Billings," Charles Keen, and Charles Dickens, at the STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, London, W., MARCH 18th and 20th, at EIGHT o'clock p.m., and SATURDAY AFTERNOON, March 22nd at THREE o'clock. The Programme will include Songs, Sketches of Travel, Serio-Comic Recitals, and Musical Illustrations. Tickets, 5s., 3s., and 2s. Tickets at Cramer's, 201, Regent-street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond-street; Hay's, Royal Exchange, E.C.; and at Steinway Hall.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor,

Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—FOURTH CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, THURSDAY EVENING, March 20, at eight o'clock. Doors open at Half-past Seven.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; area for balcony, reserved, 7s. 6d.; tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s.

SCHUMANN'S RHINE SYMPHONY, in E

flat; overture, "Ruler of the Spirits" (Weber). Pianoforte, Mdlle. Janotha. Violin, Herr Joachim. Vocalist, Mrs. Osgood.

BEETHOVEN'S PIANOFORTE CON-

CERTO, No. 4, in G, will be played by Mdlle. JANOTHA, on THURSDAY, March 20.—Tickets at Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.'s, Chappell's, usual Agents, and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

BRAHMS' NEW VIOLIN CONCERTO.—

Herr JOACHIM.—In consequence of the extraordinary interest created by this important work, the directors have the pleasure to announce that Herr JOACHIM will play it again at the next CONCERT, MARCH 20.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s.

MYERS' HIPPODROME, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Largest Company on earth.

200 Horses, 50 Ponies, Troupe of Elephants, Den of Performing Lions, Camels, and Dromedaries. TUG OF WAR, 50 men and one elephant. Mrs. Myers and the wonderful water jump. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30.

MYERS' GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS

and HIPPODROME, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—500 artists. Derby and St. Leger races by lady riders. Cooper's trained elephants and lions. Grand Japanese Fair and Ballet. 12 clowns. Hall thoroughly warmed. Special arrangements for schools. Children under 10 half-price. Open twice daily. Every morning at 2.30, and every evening at 7.30. Tickets of all London agents, and at Box-office, Agricultural Hall. Admission 3s., 2s., 1s.

ROYAL AQUARIUM,

WESTMINSTER.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, surpasses all other rival establishments.

Open at 11.

Possessing all the Properties of the Finest Arrowroot.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

HAS TWENTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,

and is UNEQUALLED for UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

SCHWEITZER'S

COCOATINA,

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.

Guaranteed pure Soluble Cocoa of the Finest Quality, with the excess of fat extracted.

THE FACULTY pronounce it "the most nutritious perfectly digestible beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, and invaluable for Invalids and Children." Highly commended by the entire Medical Press.

Being without Sugar, Spice, or other admixture, it suits all palates, keeps better in all Climates, and is four times the strength of Cocos thickened yet weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with boiling water, a teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than a half-penny. In tin packets at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c. By Chemists and Grocers.

Cocoatina a la Vanille.

Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

**THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.**

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

WHEN one of Mr. Facey Romford's hosts wanted a "bagman" he sent to Leadenhall Market for it; but according to the biographer of the Rev. John Russell, when Mr. George Templer, master of a pack of South Country hounds, wanted to make sure of a fox, he simply went to one of two spacious yards that he kept for the purpose, and chose the one he thought was in best condition for going. At least a score were thus kept, each one in a separate coop, attached by a long chain revolving on a swivel; and at intervals they were let loose and exercised round the yard. One in particular, called "Bold Dragoon," always afforded good sport—that is to say, of course, a good run. He had been turned out thirty-six times, and never failed to go hard and fast. Men had to ride in similar fashion, in order to save the beast alive; and on its return it was carefully tied up and provided with a rabbit for supper. The men liked it, the horses liked it, the fox does not seem to have minded it, but the writer omits to give any clue to the sentiments of the hounds.

How Miss Ada Cavendish is succeeding histrionically I have not lately heard. The information that this favourite actress is well and cheerful, however, comes from St. Louis, the papers of which city publish long columns with reference to what they term a "railway rumpus," wherein Miss Cavendish was engaged. The derivation and precise significance of the word "rumpus" are not easily got at, and as far as Miss Cavendish was concerned, her share consisted simply in seating herself in the waiting-room of the St. Louis railway station while the officials endeavoured to gain possession for her of the drawing-room car in which she was to have travelled to Chicago. A certain Mrs. Oates, who is known more or less favourably for her impersonation of the Grand Duchess, also wanted to go to Chicago and to go in the best car, she reckoned. This was the car taken for Miss Cavendish; and when that lady arrived she found Mrs. Oates installed, and protesting by all the gods with whom she had a personal or passing acquaintance that there she was going to stay. What she wanted was the "drawing-room car—that or nothing—drawing-room or bust." Miss Cavendish waited, so did the railway men, and so did the train, until at last an official asked if she would mind having another drawing-room car? She said certainly not, she would take it with pleasure. Another was affixed to the train, and a start was at length effected. This is the whole history, but it suffices to fill several columns of St. Louis papers, and doubtless delights readers who are interested in everything that concerns an actress, particularly when it does not concern them.

It was advertised last week in large capitals that Miss Sophie Fane would play the part of Mrs. Sneerwell at the Olympic Theatre last Saturday, and the question naturally arose, Who is Miss Sophie Fane? It may be gross ignorance on my part, but after a tolerably close connection with the stage for several years past, I am ashamed to confess that I do not know where Miss Sophie Fane made that dramatic reputation which entitles her to be "starred." Being forced to the expedient of guessing, I can only presume that Miss Sophie Fane is a young lady who has amongst her acquaintance some very injudicious friends; and if she will take kind advice she will endeavour to make a reputation by study and perseverance rather than by large capitals and advertisements. I only single this young lady out to warn her against an attempt which has before now proved disastrous in many cases. The public are not to be taken in by big capitals; and though I hope the critics as a rule have no prejudices one way or the other, it is certain that nothing is so likely to prejudice the leaders of public opinion against a young lady as her attempt to persuade the public, by means of big capitals, that she is a finished actress before she has ever been on the stage. Miss Sophie Fane has made a bad start at the wrong end.

It is probable that more people shot last season, 1877-8, than during the season before, 1876-7, yet we find that the number of gun licenses taken out was above 1,500 less in 1877-8 than in 1876-7. The explanation of this seems to be that many people shirk payment, as it is well known they do. If a man pays £3 for a license one year, and has,

perhaps, half a dozen days' shooting with friends, he easily induces his conscience to agree with him that he will not be guilty of any grave offence if he forgets to take out a license next year for the problematical half-a-dozen days. He has one invitation to shoot, more will probably follow, but he is not sure, and in the end shoots when he can with no license. A £3 tax may be fair for a person who shoots regularly, but it seems hard that the casual sportsman should pay as much for less than a tithe of the shooting; and a suggestion made by a contemporary is well worthy of consideration by the authorities. The idea is to impose a small tax for a license to shoot during a limited time—say 5s. a week. Many who avoid the large payment on the ground that under the special circumstances it is exorbitant, would fulfil their obligation to what they considered a fair extent, and the Revenue would benefit.

I CLIP these particulars of trotting in America from an article in the *Evening Standard*:—"Trotting races have never gained much popularity in England, but in America the rage for this form of sport seems to be increasing. American journals give a list of very nearly 300 horses (269, to be exact) that trotted a mile in, or under, two minutes and a half during the last year; and as the speed of a good English race-horse is probably, on an average, in the best races, a mile in rather over one minute and two-thirds, the pace of the American trotters is remarkable. That their speed is a matter of training is evident, for the journals which give the time it took to trot a mile last year place against the horses' names their 'previous records,' and, in the great majority of instances, there is a decided improvement. A great omission from the interesting list is the ages of the animals, for a statement of these would be specially valuable. Some of the horses completed their miles considerably under the two minutes and a half that is looked on as the limit within which the records are noteworthy. Thus, a bay gelding named Rarus, which had previously done a mile in 2min. 16sec., travelled that distance last year in 2min. 13½sec. Hopeful, a grey gelding, with a previous record of 2min. 17½sec., finished his mile last year in 2min. 14½sec. Not so wonderful, but still very remarkable, were the performances of Edward and Edwin Forrest, the first a chestnut gelding, which had improved from 2min. 30sec. to 2min. 19sec., and the second a bay, which beat his previous record of 2min. 25½sec. by completing his mile in 2min. 18sec. Croxie, a bay mare, whose best time hitherto was 2min. 30½sec., was last year a quarter of a second over 2min. 19sec., and Colonel Lewis, a grey gelding, with no previous record, won fame by the figures 2min. 18½sec. Albemarle, a grey gelding, has come from 2min. 20sec. to 2min. 19sec.; and Great Eastern, a bay gelding, from 2min. 19sec. to 2min. 18sec. On the other hand, Judge Fullerton, a chestnut gelding, took 2min. 18½sec. for his mile, though he had previously done it without the fraction. When it is considered that these horses go at the rate of from 24 to over 27 miles an hour, some estimate may be formed of the speed displayed by these animals."

MR. F. A. MILBANK records, with some pride, the particulars of his famous 23 minutes' sport on the 20th of August, 1872. There will be difference of opinion, however, as to where the limit should be drawn between sport and slaughter, and some will think that Mr. Milbank overstepped the limits on the Wommergill Moors when he shot 190 grouse in the time mentioned. It may perhaps be a feeling of something akin to jealousy that prompts the complaint when one remembers how steep and winding have been the hills up which one has toiled without a single fair chance, the 'cute birds scurrying off when the eager but weary gunner was still some 200 yards from them. It certainly seems a pity that so many birds, which would have afforded so many days' good sport, should have been grounded in considerably less than half an hour; but Mr. Milbank will say, What was he to do? They continued to come, with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, and to stop in the middle of the fun would have been impossible. Human nature, armed with three breechloaders, and with grouse flying past by the score, will have its way.

AN American journal, which claims to have trustworthy statistics, has been calculating the number of theatres in Europe, and announces the sum total as 1,542. Italy stands at the head of the list. In that country there are 348, and France comes next with 337. After this we reach a gap, and then follows Germany with 191, Spain succeeds with 168, and Austria beats us by 2, having 152 against England with 150. Here again comes a gap, for Russia is next with 44; Belgium, 34; Holland, 23; Switzerland, 20; Sweden, 10; Norway, 3; Portugal, 16; Denmark, 10; Greece, 4; Turkey, 4; Roumania, 9; Servia, 1. With so many theatres it is strange that we have so few new plays, seeing that a successful novelty on the stage in almost any country is worth a small fortune to the lucky author. But as regards original dramatists, "the cry is still they"—do not—"come."

THE New York *Spirit of the Times* is in deep distress by reason of complications which have ensued in what it calls the "Great Squirrel Problem." A correspondent, it appears, wrote to ask whether, supposing a man follows a squirrel round a tree, he goes round the squirrel as well as round the tree? The editor replied, "Certainly not. For the squirrel always keeps ahead of the man," and the consequence was that several subscribers wrote to express strong opinions regarding the editor's common-sense and sharpness. One class of subscribers "didn't want any more of a paper that couldn't decide a little thing like that properly." Another class were "sorry to see the dear old *Spirit* going all wrong on such a simple question." Others were simply rude, and so the editor set to work again. "We have," he writes, "termed the man A, the squirrel B, and the tree C, and endeavoured to render it self-evident in that way. We have transformed the man into a hunter, and given him a gun—in the hope

that he would kill the squirrel whether he got around it or not." Feeling quite certain after this, he made a bet on the subject, and asked an amiable subscriber (who he knew would decide fairly, that is, of course, with a bias towards a perplexed friend) to settle; but the subscriber telegraphed back that the editor was absurdly wrong, and offered to send a working model of a squirrel on a pivot to show him. The luckless editor is now tired out, and has said his last say. "The question whether the man goes around the squirrel," he says, "shall go down to posterity together with those other important historical puzzles, 'Who struck William Patterson?' and 'Where was Moses when the light went out?' We shall discuss it no longer, and answer no more correspondence in regard to it. No matter what our opinion may be; no matter what sacrifices of sentiment and judgment may be required, we for ever drop the subject. For the future, let us have peace." And yet surely the answer is as clear as daylight!

A NEW YORK sporting paper, called *Forest and Stream*, has an article, dated Woodville, N.H., and headed "A Fox Hunt." I began to read it with great interest, which gradually changed to wonder as I found out how the fox had been hunted. The "field," which consisted of two sportsmen, were fishing when they heard of a large "male" fox in the neighbourhood. Inspired by ardour for the chase, they went to the stables and harnessed the horse to a sleigh, after which that half of the field that was not going to drive went for—his gun! On they sped, the writer continues, and when within about sixty yards of the fox the Captain rose up, took as careful aim as he could, and sent a charge of shot after the fox. The three remaining charges were fired, "the fur flew, and one of the fox's legs was crippled so as to be useless, and his 'tail' swung off a few points to the north." The excited Captain leaped from the sleigh, and engaged in a foot-race after the crippled animal. It was a pretty even race, but the fox was so badly discouraged that they could drive him before the horse in any direction they wished, so they headed him toward the fishing-grounds. Soon a dog came in sight, and they directed his attention to the fox. A short fight followed, in which the dog came off second best, and to save the life of the dog the Captain knocked the fox on the head with the butt of his gun. The feelings of men who hunt in a different fashion, and who read this painful story of what happened to the male fox's tail when the excited Captain shot at it four times, can, to use the old phrase, be better imagined than described.

SEVERAL correspondents have asked me to notice the clumsiness and cruelty with which too many hansom cabmen drive, and I was just meditating a short article on the subject this morning as I got into a hansom. The creature who held the reins pulled up with a jerk and a flick at his horse, after which he started with another cut and a jerk, and took his place in the rank behind a heavy van. His willing little horse would have gone had he found an opportunity, but as it was impossible to pass the lumbering machine in front of us, our pace was necessarily regulated by that. The little horse kept its nose against the van; but this did not save it from a series of slashes, and when at length an opening was found and it bounded forward to get past, its eagerness was rewarded with a couple of cruel cuts. Whereupon I interviewed the driver through the trap in the roof, and our journey ceased. This is a very constant experience of mine, and, I have no doubt, of most people who ride in cabs. If some one whose kindness of heart is equalled by his moral courage would give one of these ignorant drivers in charge for cruelty to animals, and if, furthermore, the magistrate would inflict an exemplary sentence upon him, it would tend to the most beneficial results.

RAPIER.

BEEFSTEAK CLUB.—The third anniversary dinner of the Beefsteak Club took place on Wednesday, under the presidency of the Earl of Wharcliffe, chairman of the committee. The members present included the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Earl of Dunraven, General Sir Henry de Bathe, Sir George Wombwell, Sir Percy Shelley, Sir Charles Young, the Hon. F. Parker, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley, Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, Dr. Quain, Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., Mr. Collins, Q.C., Mr. Edward Lawson, Mr. Henry Calcraft, Mr. Alfred Watson, Mr. Frank Miles, Mr. Montagu Williams, Mr. Douglas Straight, Mr. W. Yardley, Mr. McCalmont, Mr. C. W. Mathews, Mr. Baptiste Scoones, Mr. Giffard, Mr. Craigie, &c. The Duke of Beaufort, Lord Barrington, the Attorney-General, and a few others who had taken seats were at the last moment unavoidably detained.

A WEDDING GIFT was presented by the officers of the corps of Royal Engineers to the Duke of Connaught, by permission, on Saturday. It consisted of a dessert service of silver-gilt plate, having a large centre-piece and plateau for fruit and flowers, with a bouquet of branches for candles, two wine-coolers, the same number of pine stands, and four small *compotiers* or fruit stands. The service is one of great elegance and utility, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Regent-street.

MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON has had the honour of reciting before the Crown Princess of Germany, at Lady Marian Alford's.

MEDICAL MEN have welcomed with hearty approval a recent improvement in the manufacture of artificial ice, which has been adopted by them at the London, Middlesex, Guy's, and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals. The new machinery for producing the congelation forms the ice in solid blocks, four feet six inches in length, and one foot square, instead of the ordinary small slabs, and it may be seen in operation at what was the Glaciarium, or real-ice rink, in Chelsea.

THE London Cottage Mission, 14, Finsbury Circus, E.C., have continued their efforts to aid the poor by giving another Irish stew dinner to children this day (Wednesday), making the eleventh this winter, and, indeed, the time has not yet come for them to relax their labours, as appeals for help are far more numerous than their limited means can meet, and it is most distressing to turn from the prayer for food where children are the supplicants. May generous hearts impel helping hands. The Bazaar in aid of the funds to secure to the society the possession of the premises, Conder-street Hall, Limehouse, is causing much solicitude, and towards both these important objects Miss F. Napton, 304, Burdett-road, Limehouse, E., and Mr. Walter Austin at the office, 14, Finsbury Circus, E.C., will thankfully receive contributions.

TURFIANA.

MR. ANDERSON'S "little Bill" seems likely to ripen into law, in spite of the opposition we were told was to be of such a high and influential character. Only "the Onslow" (who would appear to inherit the family instinct of bolstering up hopeless causes) still stands manfully in the breach, and the least Mr. Warner and his fellow-clerks of Metropolitan courses can do (after having raised a "martyr's memorial" to themselves) is to entertain their champion at the Welsh Harp, when, perhaps, Sir John Astley might be willing to preside, in token of his sympathy with the persecuted innocents. All honour, however, to the rats who still manfully refuse to leave the sinking ship, and who are still content, in the words of the poem, to "stand upon the burning deck, whence all but them have fled." Listen to the utterances of a contemporary, erst among the red-hot advocates for the retention of these "little Pedlingtons" in the "Calendar," but which now "hedges to" its former sentiments, and boldly inscribes *delenda est Carthago* upon its banners. "Such meetings as Streatham in no way tend to improve the tone of racing, and, in fact, the sooner the fixture shares a similar fate to that which has attended Kingsbury, West Drayton, Enfield, Edgware, Bromley, &c., the better it will be for the racing community at large." *Liberavi animam meam* may now be the boast of our contemporary with a vengeance; and the case of the suburban meetings must be hopeless indeed when their best friends not only dissemble their love but proceed without ceremony to kick them down stairs. Out of their own mouths the promoters of these "ramps" may be said to have been judged; and it is all a delusion to suppose that they have any backers left among the public save those who have sucked advantage from them, and those good-natured but weak-minded critics who have been induced to sing their praises and tell out their glories in the sporting press. We trust these will at last have the good taste to see that the game is played out, never to be revived, and cease from pouring forth their jeremiads over a "dying cause," and from blurring out frothy anathemas against the authors of their discomfiture.

Our flying visit to Beenham disclosed a generally prosperous state of things, and although Mr. Waring has not yet got his place in apple-pie order, owing to unavoidable delays entailed by building operations and road-making, yet the establishment is beginning to wear an air of snug comfort in keeping with the associations of a stud farm. What with yearlings and the home and foreign contingent of brood mares, there are but few empty boxes in the two spacious quadrangles which crown the wooded ridge overlooking the windings of the Kennett; and we were glad to see several large enclosures, once forming part of the huge breadth of corn land in which Berkshire rejoices, recently laid down in pasture, so as to afford welcome changes to animals which delight in novelty of air, range, and food to the full as much as the human race. King of the Forest has only a couple of vacancies on his list, which includes mares from Neasham, Sandgate, Sheffield Lane, The Warren, and other well-known studs; while Cymbal is also doing well, considering the difficulty of filling the subscription of a sire who has yet to make his reputation in this country. From a very third-rate allotment of mares in France, Cymbal got nearly all winners, and we commend to the attention of those interested in such matters a study of the returns of winning stallions in the French Calendar, which speaks more eloquently for the credit of Cymbal than any arguments concerning his fine blood, excellent shape, and good perform-

ances as a racehorse. However, Mr. Waring has wisely determined that his new purchase shall not fail for lack of good material to work upon, and he has accordingly "put down" to Cymbal Atonement and others of his best mares, which step he is not likely to regret, judging from certain specimens of the flying chestnut's produce now disporting themselves in the boxes at Beenham, which will come under our notice immediately, when



THE LATE MR. JOHN FRAIL.

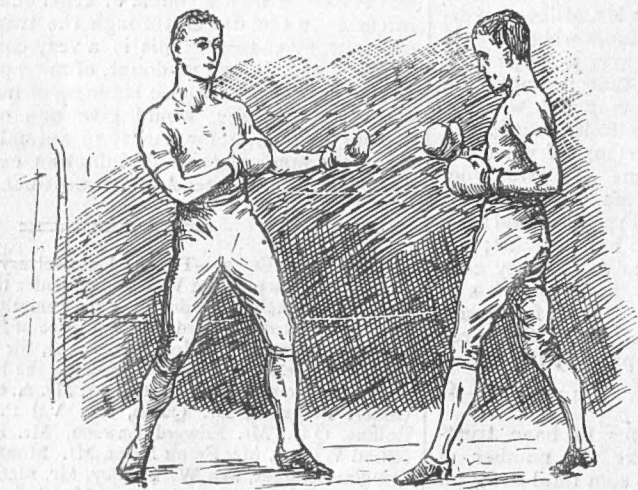
we take our preliminary scamper through the foals of 1879 dropped at Mr. Waring's establishment.

Comparatively few of the stranger mares have foaled as yet; but Metheglin has a filly by Salvator, which will delight Mr. Cookson's heart, and we have seen few nicer babies as yet. Violent has a rattling big Cymbal colt, and old Cochineal (one of the last of Sweetmeat's daughters) is similarly circumstanced; while of the Beenham beauties, Maid of the Mist shows the first Cymbal foal, a strong, square-built colt, with plenty of bone and substance. Atonement and Belle of Scotland have both of them really first-class foals by Adventurer, colt and filly respectively, the latter a wonder for its age, and quite after the pattern of the Sheffield Lane sire. Narino's handsome colt is

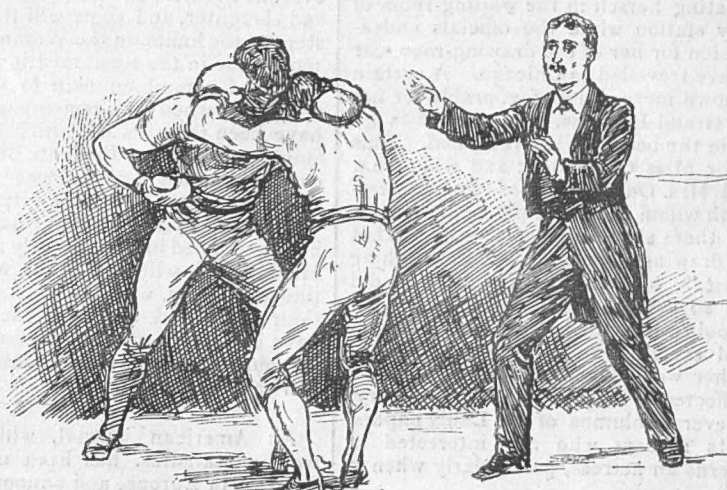
by King of the Forest, and so are two grandly-moulded fillies from Suzette and Moss Rose, with a deal of the Scottish Chief character about them. La Roseraie (a young Beadsman mare) visited France last year, and the result is a Mortemer colt; while from the same "fair land" can be traced the origin of Our Mary Ann's brown Flageolet foal (one of the biggest and best at Beenham), and a brace of Boiard colts, from Attempt and Pommelo, both good specimens of their sire's get, and promising to ripen into thick, bony, lengthy animals. Jeannie Deans (a Middle Park purchase last autumn) is happy in the possession of a chestnut Dutch Skater, very compact and full of quality; while Sister to Strafford (this season allotted to the sire of Marshal Scott) has rewarded the attentions of Orest by a very precocious bay colt. Altogether there are fourteen foals, at home and abroad, from the Beenham mares, and there are still fourteen to foal, and Mr. Waring hopes that the troubles of all will be over about the middle of April; so that he may consider himself lucky in having no May or June foals, always a drawback to yearling lots, however desirable they may be as produced in the more genial days, when warm sun and fresh herbage are awaiting their birth. Acropolis was away on a visit to Adventurer, and with Fright at Finstall Park, and others at Neasham and Sandgate, &c., the ranks of home representatives had been considerably thinned, and their places taken by temporary sojourners at Beenham.

Of the yearlings we shall write more in detail hereafter; but we run through them for the benefit of those of our readers who like to be early posted up in the *menus* of the sale-ring for the season now rapidly approaching. There are five colts and a dozen fillies at Beenham, and among the former good judges will not be long in awarding the palm to an Adventurer colt from Moss Rose—quite one of his sire's best efforts, and we can give him no higher praise. Bangle's colt by Doncaster is a vast improvement on anything yet thrown by this well-bred but rather disappointing mare; and the two young King of the Forests out of Fright and Tisiphone are a taking pair, but perhaps not equal in promise to Lady Chesterfield's young Boiard, which, together with a filly out of Acropolis by the same sire, critics will at once agree in describing as full of character, and as very desirable acquisitions to any training-stable. Perhaps they have not so much quality as most of their companions, but with good length they combine fine strength and substance, and are a hardy, honest-looking sort. Sister to Rosy Cross will speak for herself; and another very nice filly is by Rosicrucian from Queen of the Gipsies, though as yet she is scarcely so forward as the rest. A very likely-looking filly is she by Salvator out of Queen of Diamonds; and Christmas Box, her former paddock-mate at Elsham, has contributed a slashing young lady by Broomielaw, sure to pay her way. Our Mary Ann's Doncaster filly is neatness itself, and nothing about the place has made more improvement than the Knight of the Garter filly from La Roseraie. Symmetrical's filly by Leolinus is as like her sire as two peas; and Penelope Plotwell's shows marvellous bone power and substance all over. She is by King of the Forest, and so is Woodbine's filly, the last of the old mare's produce, and a very charming demoiselle indeed. All look hard and well and full of life and spirit, and it is remarkable that the late severe winter has been a most healthy time for all descriptions of blood stock, whether in training or at the stud.

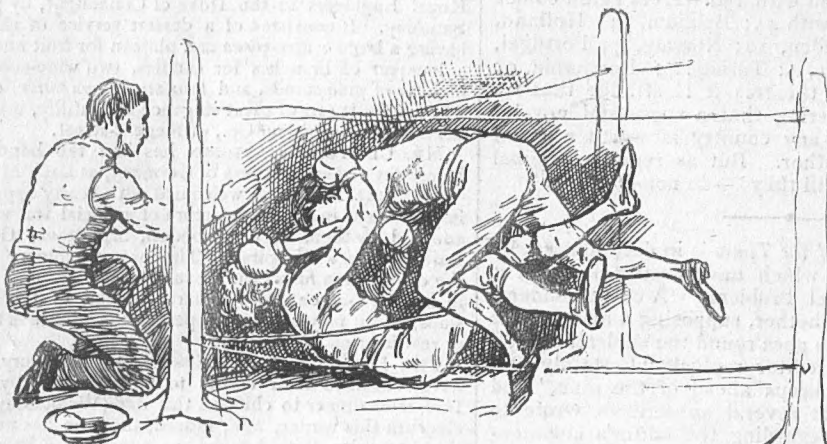
Those interested in the production of hunters may be glad to know that Alcibiade, a former Grand National winner, and one of the best looking horses in the country, is to stand at Lubenham for the season now just commencing, at the very modest fee of ten guineas for thoroughbreds, five guineas for half-breds, and



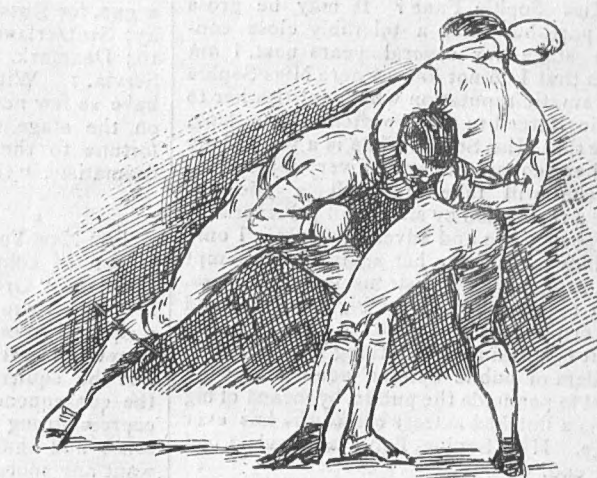
Old antagonists.



"Take a little rest gentlemen."



Through the ropes



Rival professors.

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REVIEWS.

Waterton's Wanderings in South America. Edited by the Rev. J. G. WOOD. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. WATERTON was a Yorkshire gentleman of good fortune, possessed of an enthusiastic passion for the pursuit of natural science, and thus his book, published originally in 1825, is here re-published exactly as he wrote it, with an "Explanatory Index" added by the editor to describe the strange animals, birds, and trees which Mr. Waterton merely mentions. The good old traveller, imaginative and quaint in language, and full of earnest feeling, has been a favourite ever since his first appearance, and the editor speaks for many when he tells how in his school days he looked upon Waterton much as the pagans of old regarded their demi-gods, and says: "Not even Sinbad the Sailor was so interesting a personage to me as Waterton the Wanderer." Amusing anecdotes and curious adventures abound, and of one which tells how Waterton rode securely on the back of a crocodile in its native element, doubling the fore legs over the shoulders, and, despite its plunging and the lashing of its long and powerful tail, compelling it to swim ashore, the author says: "Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer—I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's Foxhounds," a significant reply enough to those who are familiar with hunting records. But the book is full of such wonderful anecdotes and startling feats, some testing the reader's faith in the old traveller's veracity to no small extent, although others are no longer the strange and marvellous things they were.

MAGAZINES FOR THE MONTH.

Cornhill Magazine.—There is a refinement of finish and fulness of detail in the leading story, "Mademoiselle de Mersac," which bespeaks an author's artist-like love for his work. "The Hours in a Library" (No. XX.), dealing with Godwin and Shelley, is full of interest for the literary student. "Jerôme Bongrand's Heresy" is an amusing and very cleverly-told story of high merit. "The Adventures of an English Christian Name" deals in a pleasant and popular way with matters that have often before figured in similar papers and magazine articles, but it is not the less good or cleverly written. "A Cremation in China" relates some curious facts of recent travel. The continuation of "Within the Precincts" finishes a number of great excellence, illustrated, as the *Cornhill* always is, admirably.

The Gentleman's Magazine.—The leading serial story, "Under which Lord," is fast nearing a point at which a good wholesome outburst of storm and rain will probably purify the atmosphere of priestcraft and domestic tribulation. The vicar's influence has so weakened the wife's affection for her honest, free-thinking, amiable husband that nothing he can do gives her pleasure or satisfaction. Even the good temper and patience with which he receives her peevish, petulant expressions of discontent and bad temper are attributed to insulting indifference. If he regards her gravely, she thinks he hates her; and when he caresses her she believes that he is trying to pacify her, as he would a fretful child with sugar-plums. Should he reason calmly with her, all her spirit is up in arms to rebel against his offensive assumption of superiority and authority. And all the time the poor, weak-minded, little fool is torturing herself into a feverish state of continual self-warfare and excitement, merely because the vicar has put strife between her religious convictions and her womanly feelings. The story is being most carefully and artistically wrought out, and is full of interest. While the one "lord" is thus doing his mischievous work with a pertinacity and selfishness which are hateful, the other is doing his best to improve the moral tone of his neighbourhood, through the varied influences of innocent amusement, temperate indulgences, and lectures of an anti-theological tendency. In one of these "he brought forth the old argument of the desert island, and how a man could not sin by himself. If he could do no ill to others he could do no ill at all;—spiritual wickedness, self-generated, self-destructive, and offending God only, being a myth and an impossibility. This was naturally utterly opposed to the theological view which makes sin a thing in itself between a man's own soul and God, and in nowise because of its action on the community;—which sees in it primarily an offence against Heaven even when it is a crime against society—damnable because disobedient to divine command rather than to be punished because of its evil handling of man's body and property. 'This latter is allowed to be morality if you will,' he went on to say; 'but the deeper crime, according to theologians, is the spiritual wickedness of disobedience of God's command—not because such command is good for man, but because it is God's.' 'The only laws that we know,' he said, 'are those which we are slowly finding out for ourselves in the positive sciences, and that educated and still to be educated sense of justice, equity, and respect for humanity, which we embody in codes and call concretely conscience. It is childish to talk of a devil who tempts us to do evil—humiliating to common sense and manhood to fear eternal punishment if we have done evil—and what grosser superstition has the world ever seen than the Christian doctrine of God incarnate in man that we might all have a better chance of heaven?—a better chance, mind you; not a certainty—and the whole universe disturbed that we might be less unfairly handicapped! No! no, my friends! man is only a part of the whole—a unit of the sun; and there is no more value in his life than there is in the life of a fly, or an ant, save such as he makes for himself by his higher intelligence. What we have to cultivate is the sense of justice to all, ourselves included; loyalty to the best interests of the community of which we form a part; reverence for humanity at large; love of truth for its own sake irrespective of the conclusions to which it leads us; while ourselves personally, and what advantages us one way or another, is a consideration which comes nowhere in the school of a wise and elevated philosophy. We have to live for humanity, not for our own souls. Never let us forget that. Our duty is here—our work is here; we know nothing but life—can prove nothing but matter; and to waste our strength in vague speculations on things that are unprovable is the sorriest use to which we can put it.' While the rector and the lord of the manor are thus struggling for conquest—one in this extreme, the other in that—each has recognised in the other a deadly enemy. It puzzles the squire to understand how the creed which puts strife in the place of peace, dissension in that of affection, and hysterical excitement with unwholesome fervour, where there was a calm confidence and self-reliance, can be thought good, pure, and true, by his wife and daughter. And the wife is as much puzzled when, in response to her tearful and passionately expressed desire that he will walk to the church just to see the harvest-home decorations, he obstinately refuses, and makes of that refusal a very palpable virtue. Mr. Andrew Wilson's "Clues and Traces in Natural History" is a very interesting paper; "Free Trade and Reciprocity," by Mr. Arthur Arnold, deals with a question of vital interest to our trade; and Mr. Dutton Cook's continuation of his article on the late Charles Mathews is, with the rest of the contents, good and readable.

The Victoria Magazine for February (just received with the March number) brings its serial, "My Only Love," to the twelfth chapter, and supplies a paper by Christine L. Snow on "English

Wives—Present and Future," in which that lady demands that the legal and political wrongs endured by married women shall be redressed, in the course of which much is confidently affirmed, and amongst other things her opinion that, "through the united action of exciting legal and social agencies, the prospects of the English wife are palpably becoming more and more gloomy." Some useful and sensible "Hints for Sick-nurses" are given by Mrs. Leith-Adams, and a paper on "Madame d'Arblay" brings us to the usual padding of this magazine. In the issue for March, in addition to the serial story, we have a paper on "Moliere," a sketch of "Country Life in Silesia," a paper on "Charlotte Cushman," and other readable contributions, with a photograph and memoir of the popular novelist, William Black.

The St. James's Magazine has three serial stories in progress, with short stories, poems, and a paper on "Hogarth as an Historian."

The Charing Cross Magazine has a variety of short papers, of which one of the most interesting is perhaps the first of a series on "The Primitive Faith and the Early Idolatries," although it is its subject rather than its treatment that gives it interest. "Beaconsfield and its Associations," by James Grant, is the foremost paper of interest in the number, although it comes last.

Kensington has chapters I. and II. of a new story, by Mrs. Macquoid, of which it is as yet too early to speak, a desperate but futile struggle after originality for a worn-out subject in "Martyr or Murderer?" a paper on Eugene Aram, the conclusion of "Mabel Meredith," by the editor, and a variety of papers well diversified in their character, including one on "The Courtship of Birds," by Professor Leith Adams. *Kensington* is improving greatly, and bids fair to take a prominent position amongst the monthly visitors to our library table.

(To be continued.)

BY-THE-BYE,

what a stir is made by a royal marriage! How everybody talks about it, and from what a variety of diverse points people regard it! But it has often struck me that the preliminary business—the love-making—is, in the case of a prince and princess, by far the most interesting portion of the entire affair, that is to say when love-making has anything at all to do with it, as often—too often, alas!—it has not. Perhaps there never was a more romantic royal love affair than that of Charles Stuart and the Spanish Infanta. It was secret, it was dangerous, and it was strongly opposed by King James, by the Pope, and by the Spanish Court, when, as John Smith, he sailed from Dover, with Buckingham as Thomas Smith, to pass through Paris on their way to Spain, to arrive, in a glorious downfall of rain after a terrible drought of some months' duration, on March 17th at the door of the English ambassador in Madrid, "more gay than they had ever been in their lives." There the Prince had to abandon his disguise and assume his state, was splendidly lodged, and received with much public rejoicing—grand promenades, bull-fights, festivals, feasting, and all kinds of entertainments being right royally provided for his delight. But they carefully kept him from chance of privately interviewing the short, plump, fair-haired Infanta of seventeen years, whom he had come to woo. Therefore it was that Prince Charlie got up very early one morning and clambered over the wall of a garden in which she was gathering flowers, thereby so terrifying her that she ran away shrieking for help. The Spanish Council of State were, however, more terrible to the poor lady than her lover, for they went so far as to say that "they would sooner throw the Infanta down a well than place her in his hands." And the Infanta's confessor conspired with the rest to terrify this dainty little pious damsel, for he told her that if she married the heretic prince she would have every night at her side "a man condemned to the fires of hell!" No wonder she became melancholy and shy; but she was smitten, for all this opposition had done its usual work in that strange mystery to all mankind, a woman's heart, and when she heard that, wearied and disgusted, Charles was going away, she said, pouting her cherry lips, "If he loved me he would not go away!" But he did go away, and he did love her. King James, his father, hearing the story of his wooing, and that the stable advantages of the match were not what he expected, said, "I am not at all inclined to marry my son with my daughter's tears for a dowry." Charles said in his heart that he would have her despite the dowry.

But the opposition, the vulgar royal squabbling over the dowry, the perplexities of the politicians on either side, the intrigues of crafty priests, the bribing here, and the sickening hypocrisy, trickery, and deceit practised everywhere in connection with that love affair, to say nothing of the great rebellion and foreign war it more than once threatened to originate, all ended well on the 11th of May, 1625, when only three days after the death of James I., the marriage ceremony between his successor and the Spanish Infanta was duly solemnized at Paris, Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld performing the marriage ceremony.

One cannot help thinking of the sad story which made the after lives of the couple thus united so terrible a tragedy. Of a verity the Stuarts were an unlucky race. How mournful is the history of Elizabeth, "the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia," who said so firmly to her mother when she sneered at her as the future "Goody Palsgrave," and appealed strongly to her ambition as the daughter of a British king, "I would rather espouse a Protestant count than a Catholic emperor." And when she did marry there is every reason to believe that her husband was the man of her choice, and that the wooing was not the dull, cold, formal process princes usually have the grievous ill luck to go through. They were married, by-the-bye, on St. Valentine's day, hence the lines by a poet of their time, commencing—

"Thy happy bridegroom, Prince Count Palatine,
Now thy best friend, and truest Valentine,
Upon whose brow my mind doth read the story
Of mighty fame and a true future glory," &c., &c.

for the poem is hardly worth quoting in its entirety. The marriage ceremonies were then as grand as they have this week been. There were fireworks at Whitehall, a sham naval fight, discharging of guns, and ringing of church bells; a grand wedding procession, in which the noblest personages took part; a ballet at Court, masques by the students of Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple; and a series of the most luxurious entertainments in honour of her whom the Queen still scornfully stigmatised as "Goody Palsgrave."

But let us turn from these sad old-world stories of love-seeking matrimonially-inclined princes and princesses, recalled to mind by the alliance which binds a daughter of the gallant Red Prince of Prussia to the soldier son of our Queen—a happy event full of gratifying elements. For there is a joy in the gilded saloons of Mayfair which belongs to and is shared by the entire nation, with which sadness is altogether out of place.

And talking, by-the-bye, of *Mayfair* and marriage, and the virtues of domestic life, let me ask what the stage has done to *Mayfair*, our weekly contemporary, that it should run-a-tilt so savagely at it in its issue for March 4th?

"We may," says our sternly virtuous contemporary, "most positively assert that the morals of the Stage, so far as they are represented by the lives of the performers, are as impure as ever they have been since the days of Ned Kynaston; that the traditions of dramatic immorality are still perpetuated in

their integrity; and that therefore Society is fully justified in treating actors and actresses as a kind of outside social condition of life with which it can possess no possible sympathy. The fact is, the immortality of the stage is historical, and every race of performers have taken care to confirm and promote the impure annals. In the face of history, the actor indignantly wonders at the contemptuous neglect of the public, and at the Pharisical superciliousness with which it snubs him when off the stage. But what pretensions has a man to claim respect for a profession of which the story, down to the present hour, is more profligate than anything denounced by Juvenal or lashed by Swift? Take the history of the Stage; select your great actresses—the names which give the Stage its history; stop short, if you please, at Eleanor Gwynne and skip Mrs. Bracegirdle, whom Mr. Dutton Cook insists, in spite of Macaulay, was a moral woman: begin with Mrs. Oldfield, the mistress of Arthur Mainwaring, and proceed with Mrs. Cibber, whose seduction put £10 into her husband's pocket; Mrs. Barry, Lord Rochester's mistress; Mrs. Clive, who had Horace Walpole for a landlord; Peg Woffington, whose 'little errors' Arthur Murphy has begged us to overlook; Mrs. George Ann Bellamy, 'in her splendid state sedan chair, with superb silver-lace liveries, waiting for her at the door of Liffey-street Catholic Chapel'; Mrs. Baddeley, whose 'gaudy and fitful career reads like a troubled dream,' says Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; Miss Anne Catley, who 'atoned,' writes Boaden, 'in her maturity for the scandal she had excited formerly in Society'; Mrs. Hartley, with her 'luscious talk' and golden hair, and her *cher ami*, Smith the Gentleel; and dozens of others, coming right away down to Mrs. Blank, whose photograph hangs by the side of the Archbishop's, with Mr. Peace's picture just above her. Society remembers what it reads, what it hears, and what it sees. Society knows where not to look for virtue. It will not inquire behind the scenes. Virtue is not there. It never has been there. Can the actor blame Society for turning up its nose and finding a singular felicity in the application of the word 'vagabond'? When Stage reformation is attempted, it deals with anything but the full-bodied women and the close-shaven gentlemen who give 'the Stage vitality.' Our notions of Stage reform lie in Shakspearean revivals. Well, it is scarcely to be hoped that managers will hold midnight meetings in their green-rooms; yet the sort of reform, we take it, that would abate the actor's mortification at the social antipathy he encounters would lie in Hamlet's living with his wife, in Ophelia abandoning her paramour for a chaster theory of life, in Lear forbearing his visits to Cordelia, in Timon resolving to bestow upon his children the money which he now dedicates to Timandra and champagne."

This kind of argument may be fair or unfair, according to its application. As applied in *Mayfair*, I think it is extremely unfair. Shall I name you a long list of fallen women in whose veins ran the proudest blood of England, to prove how impure are aristocratic annals, from the days of the Duchess of Portsmouth downward to those of our recent divorce court revelations, and the confessions of "Society" journals? And, in contrast, shall I show you pure good women, wives, and mothers of irreproachable character, who adorned the stage, and despite trouble and poverty, withstood the fiery ordeal of a temptation which few women in any rank of life could have withstood? This would not be more unfair than *Mayfair* is, for it would be just as easy as it is to reverse the argument.

Shall Edward Alleyn and "those grave and sober actors," "married and of good reputation," who were Shakspeare's partners and friends, and whom Lord Southampton described as maintaining respectably, not only themselves, but "the widows and orphans of their dead fellows," be passed over that we may speak only of their drunken, reprobate companions to prove that the immorality of the stage was then "more profligate than anything denounced by Juvenal"?

Shall we forget the character of Garrick, or actresses who rose by marriage to the highest and noblest positions only to adorn them, or that of Macready, Miss Helen Faucit, the younger Kean, &c., &c.—ignore, in short, all the names which belonged to cleanly living, respectable actors and actresses, in order to parade the titles of those who, exposed to the strongest of all temptations, made that one false step which often bought a life of open or secret shame and repentance, and was glorified and brazenly upheld by very, very few? If men dared to boast, or were in the habit of talking about women in their own sphere of rank and life to the very limited circle of people who know them by name or sight, as men talk about actresses to everybody in all sorts of places, much I fear me that then I might fairly, not *Mayfair*, say to each, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." But I do not pretend to reply to *Mayfair*'s specious attack—there is no space to spare for such a reply; its falseness will be seen by all who have studied the history of the stage, as they recall the many acts of goodness, of kindness, and saint-like charity associated with it, and remember that the failings and vices of its followers do not necessarily exceed those of other professions because they have less chance of being unknown, concealed, or forgotten.

Talking of the stage, I went to see the last performance of *Little Fra Diavolo*. Of course I enjoyed the fun, and I made a sketch. Here it is:—



A PAIR OF THEM AT THE GAIETY.—NOT MR. PEYTON WREY'S.

A. H. DOUBLEVUE.

A BIG FISH.—A nine-pound trout, a very handsome fish, was caught this week at Chertsey Weir, and is being mounted by Messrs. Rowland Ward, and Co., of Piccadilly.



"Full of ballop" in the Welby—Two fences from home.

THE GRAND MILITARY AND HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE STEEPLECHASES AT SANDOWN PARK.

THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed—in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

THE ERRATICS gave a performance at St. George's Hall on Saturday, the 8th inst., in aid of the funds of the Shipwrecked

Mariners' Society. The audience, a fair and appreciative one, was put in a good humour from the first by the very excellent amateur band, consisting of upwards of thirty members, under Mr. Leonard Beddow, which performed a well-chosen selection of music during the evening. A word of praise is also due to Mr. Lawrence Hasluck, the stage-manager. Taken as a whole, the performance was a very good one, and it was evident care and trouble had been expended with no sparing hands to make the entertainment a success. *Our Bitterest Foe* was the first item in the programme. Mr. E. J. Ottley, as the General von Rosenberg, was far too laboured and deliberate, both in his manner and

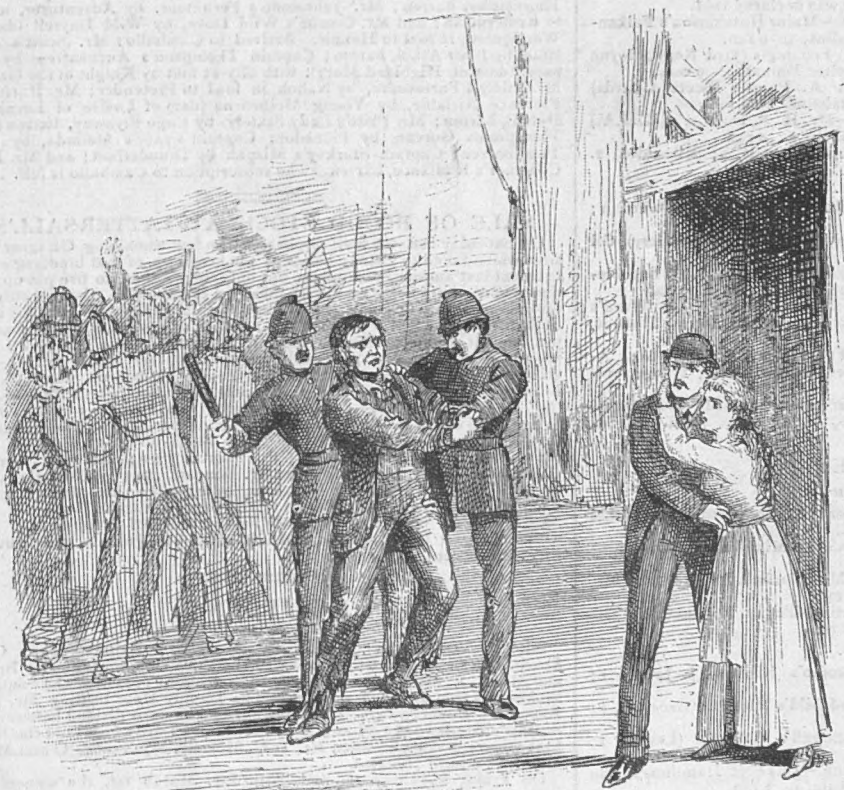
speech; there was a lack of colour in his performance. The Germans, no doubt, are a stolid race, but one who could speak no quicker than Mr. Ottley would hardly have risen to the rank of a general. Mr. C. W. Wallace, as Henri de la Fère, was good; he managed the drunken scene without exaggeration, and toned it down as much as possible. He fell off, however, when declaring himself to the General. Miss Ella Strathmore made a sad blunder in appearing as Blanche D'Evrau, in colours—the cousin having only lately fallen in battle, it was to have been expected she would be wearing deep mourning. The part was moreover altogether beyond her



MISS ISABEL PATEMAN, AS LADY ISABEL, IN "EAST LYNNE," AT THE STANDARD.



SCENE FROM "A PAIR OF THEM," AT THE GAIETY.



SCENE FROM "A LIFE'S STRUGGLE," AT THE MARYLEBONE.



SCENE FROM "THE POOR ENGINEER," AT THE STANDARD.

PENCILINGS FROM THE PLAYS.

powers. Byron's *Partners for Life* followed. The Horace Mervyn of Mr. W. Arthur was jerky and fidgety, and there was too much stammering to be really natural; in his endeavour to be realistic he fell into the fault common to so many amateurs, and overacted. To Mr. J. Y. Stephens, as Tom Gilroy, I must award the highest praise; his was, indeed, a finished performance, and right well did he deserve the unstinted applause bestowed on him. Muggles (Mr. L. Lawrence), too, was an evident favourite, and deservedly so. Mr. Romaine Walker made as much as possible out of the small part of Sir Archibald Drelincourt; but he should guard

against a tendency to indistinct enunciation. His make-up was very good. Major Billiter and Goppingen found representatives in Mr. T. Waram and Mr. F. Harvey. Mr. Rodney Perkins as Ernest was a really jealous boy lover, and his scenes with Emily were true to nature; he deserves great praise for his by-play, which had evidently been studied with care. As Emily Mervyn, Miss Strathmore was very much better than in the first piece; no heavy calls were made on her powers, but such calls as were made were answered with good effect. Miss Lucy Williams was a pleasing Fanny Smith, and her interview with Horace in the last act was well

conceived and carried out. In Miss Priscilla, Miss Zoe Clifford had a part after her own heart, and the laughter she provoked showed how well her efforts were appreciated. The almost too well-known *Happy Pair*, in which Mr. Arthur and Miss Williams portrayed the husband and wife with plenty of go and spirit, brought the programme to a successful termination.

Amateur performances for the benefit of the Saturday Hospital Fund will be given on Friday and Saturday, March 21st and 22nd, at the Lower Institute. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Ernest Searle, North View, Upper Norwood.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

A CABLEGRAM bearing date Melbourne, March 10, announces that Lord Harris's team on that day concluded a three days' match against eleven of Victoria, and proved the victors by six wickets. From Australian exchanges I glean the following items of news that may be of interest to some of my readers:—"It is stated that C. Bannerman is engaged by the Melbourne C.C. for two years at £150 per annum to school them in batting; that the Civil Service members of Gregory's team and Blackman are to have their full pay during their absence on the English tour; and that a New Zealand team is playing throughout Australia, having amongst them D. Ashby, a whilom Surrey player. They won their first match at Ballarat by eight wickets, but the Melbourne C.C. defeated them by 168 runs."

In unfavourable weather the second athletic meeting at Larnaca was decided on February 22nd. Mr. McLachlan won the one mile walk; Mr. P. H. Bateman the hundred yards and cricket-ball throwing; Private Garland the Quarter; Private Dickson the shot putting at 23ft. 6in. and Corporal Scott the hammer throwing at 72ft.

Fortuna, has not looked upon Joseph Bennett with especial favour since he lost the title of champion, and she seems determined to continue her animosity. His American tournament, commenced at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon last, has up to the time of writing proved a failure, which no one regrets more than I do, and I only hope that he may win the first prize and thus recompense himself a little in that manner. At the time of writing (Wednesday morning) the promoter, his brother Alfred, Richards, and Lloyd, have each won two games out of three, and Taylor, Fred. Bennett, Collins, and Hunt one apiece. This is all I need say this week.

Everyone connected with billiards, amateur or professional, will regret to hear that Jonathan Owen, sen., better known as "Oxford Jonathan," the celebrated University teacher and marker, is seriously ill. It is proposed to raise a subscription on his behalf, and any of his old friends and pupils who would like to assist him will be doing a charitable action to a most deserving man. His address is 7, Craven-buildings, Strand, W.C.

In Memoriam. Mr. E. Hogarth, aged 45, died March 10, 1879, connected with the sporting department of the *Daily Telegraph*, and formerly amanuensis to his brother-in-law, the late Mr. Charles Dickens.

What to say about that "Encouragement of Boxing" turn-out at St. James's Hall, I hardly know. I saw nothing whatever that I had not seen before; no new lights displayed the noble art, and "down east" (of course the "upper ten" never go there) I have witnessed, when so inclined, better sparring over and over again. Thus speaking, I am only referring to the exhibition as it appears to one who goes to these affairs for sport's sake, and shall be only glad if deserving professors are in the future to have a chance of adding to what they earn as teachers by displaying themselves before the select *coterie* who dwell in the neighbourhood of Belgravia. In my opinion, however, if it be that the select committee who are the acting promoters of the movement really wish to encourage boxing by giving it an aristocratic patronage every now and again, they will do so much better by offering valuable prizes to be competed for by heavy, middle, and light weights, taking care that novices should not be excluded. If display boxing were required to fill up the programme, would not our principal amateurs willingly oblige?

Our popular artist has elsewhere given a series of incidental sketches, and although he has made no special attempt at portraiture those who were present will readily recognise features in the displays between Dowsett and Hawkins, Horne and McCarthy, and Daulty and Mullins, &c.

A detailed account of the whole of the proceedings would occupy far too much of my space, so I can content myself with saying that such well-known men as Pickett, Fowler, Hundreds, Horne, Mullins, Daulty, Dowsett, Hawkins, Habbijam, Laxton, Goller, Thorne, Donnelly, and Tom Allen were amongst the exhibitionists, and that in my opinion the best display as a show was the first between Pickett and Fowler, the tamest that between Tom Allen and Ned Donnelly, and the most admired the hard-hitting contest between Bat Mullins and Abe Daulty. Example is better than precept is a maxim more honoured in the breach than the observance, and it was a great pity that the executive did not at once take a determined stand with regard to the smoking. Professionals when at some future date they are corrected for breach of rules, may turn round, and justly so, with the remark, "Well, the swells do it, guv'nor, why should not we?" Smoking at a West-end sparring-show is bad form, to say the least, and is not likely to tend to "the encouragement of boxing."

That indefatigable cross-country pack, the Blackheath Harriers, almost the senior one of the kingdom, met for their usual bi-monthly run last Saturday, but counter attractions prevented many from putting in an appearance. The obliging hon. sec., D. M. Mayson, however, sends me word that they had a pleasant mutual run, the leading trio as they reached home being F. W. Firminger, E. O. Jones, and R. H. Brutton; that the usual musical evening was spent; and that Viscount Lewisham, M.P., and T. W. Boord, Esq., M.P., have become vice-presidents. The next run takes place on March 22, and the Open Steeplechase on April 19.

A multitude of other runs and steeplechases took place on the same date, but as the hon. secs. are too lazy to send me notices I presume they do not require any, and, as I have plenty of chit-chat for my readers, I shall decline to even give the names of the societies.

Upon my word, the University timekeepers are trying to make us swallow something. At Oxford the other day evens, and all but evens, at any and every distance, were plentiful as blackberries in September, and now we are requested to believe that E. Storey, of Trinity College, Cambridge, with eleven yards' start, won the quarter of a mile handicap by ten yards in *forty-nine seconds*. I can believe in good performers at Oxford and Cambridge from past experience of some genuine "flyers," but this last has proved the much-talked-of straw.

Cambridge, after an exciting game, beat Oxford in their annual association match at the Oval, on Tuesday, by one goal to nil.

That walking affair at the Lambeth Gymnasium last week proved a great success, and the performances of the leading trio were far from bad, considering the number of circuits they had to make. Just imagine, given in the rest of ten hours in each twenty-four, tramping circuit after circuit of a frying-pan course 8,967 times during the week, and then not getting a penny a round. I would rather attempt to eat the same number of rounds of toasts during a like period, and pay half expenses. The winner, Richardson, covered 358 miles 17 laps, Say 339 miles 3 laps, Wolfe 324 miles 4 laps, Day 313 miles, Taylor 244 miles. Every mile was 2½ yards over the distance, and to obtain a fair record this should be added.

Ross, as I anticipated, beat Emmett last Monday, but I hardly thought he would have left him virtually standing still, as he did when the final tussle came. A little good one is all very

well, but if he happen to meet a big good one he must always put up with second honours.

So W. Elliott has entered into negotiations for a match with Courtney, the American oarsman, and has sent authority to Mr. Liddell, of Pittsburgh, to make it for two, three, or five miles. This is all well and good, but how about the style in which the remainder of the paragraph is worded? "Elliott demands expenses, and fixes his minimum at £75. Our Newcastle representative is informed by Elliott's backers that the champion will not accept any offers of matches until he hears from Courtney." Would not "asks for" read better than "demands?" Also, will anyone care whether Elliott does or does not accept a challenge? If he be challenged for the championship he will have to forfeit the title to the challenger—or meet him—and I have an idea that one Robert Watson Boyd would be quite as worthy a holder of the title. Elliott and his friends might "try back" on that old fable of the frog and the ox with advantage to themselves.

Hanlan, the American crack, intends shortly to take up his residence at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Although he has been doing some fairish work in the neighbourhood of Manchester, he, I am informed, is still nearly two stone in excess of his racing weight.

By the by, I see Boyd is open to scull against anyone over the Tyne one-mile course, for the useful stake of 200 sovs a-side. I do not think he will be accommodated just now. Mr. C. Barras, the issuer of the challenge, also holds a tenner to match an unknown against Elliott over the Tyne Championship Course, for £200 a-side; perhaps the gentleman who puts up the money for the unknown is somewhat of my opinion expressed above.

On Wednesday the annual Torpid races were concluded on the Isis at Oxford. Pembroke retain their position as head of the river, whilst Trinity and Keble still stand second and third, as when they started. Worcester made five bumps, New College 2nd three, Queen's, Magdalen, New, Corpus, B.N.C., Balliol, Christ Church 2nd, and Merton a couple each, and University, Keble 2nd, Oriel, St. Catherine's, Hertford, and B.N.C. 2nd, one apiece.

Both the University eights are doing splendid work, and although Cambridge are going in fine style, I fancy they are just a trifle too forward, and may begin to go back before the day. I had the pleasure of taking a look at them this week, and was much prepossessed in their favour. Oxford I have not yet seen, but a correspondent writes me that they are not half such a bad lot as the betting would indicate, and the layers of excessive odds may yet find they have burnt their fingers. Individual days' doings are of no interest to my readers, one being so much like another, but next week I intend, when I have seen Oxford, giving a final opinion.

Another amateur bicycle handicap took place at the Leicestershire Cricket Ground last Saturday. C. Hardinge, 30 yards start, proved the victor, but only by half a yard from A. Smith, 50 yards, J. Iliffe, 450 yards, being third.

O'Leary, Rowell, Ennis, and Harriman started on Monday morning, at Gilmore Gardens, New York, to contest for the first big "make the best of your way" belt. A cablegram, bearing date New York, March 12, 3.30 p.m., appears in a contemporary as follows:—"Each of the competitors has been putting in strong work to-day, and their positions at this period are:—Rowell, 250 miles; Harriman, 238 miles; Ennis, 223 miles; O'Leary, 215 miles. O'Leary at this hour finally retired."

EXON.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

GRAND MILITARY (SANDOWN PARK) MEETING.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7.

The FIRST LIFE GUARDS' CHALLENGE CUP was declared void.
The SANDOWN OPEN HUNTERS' FLAT-RACE.—Major Hutchinson's Falkenberg (Mr. Crawshaw), 1; Muscovy, 2; Pollux, 3. 9 ran.
The GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP.—Mr. H. Fendling's (53rd Regt), Boyne Water (Mr. Hartigan), 1; Citizen, 2; Jupiter Tonans, 3. 9 ran.
The HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE HUNTERS' CUP.—Captain A. Paget's (Scots Guards) Chemise (Col. Harford), 1; Merlin, 2; Plaistow, 3. 8 ran.
The GRAND MILITARY HUNTERS' STAKES.—Mr. H. S. Dalbiac's (R.H.A.) Easton (Owner), 1; St. Anthony, 2; Evandale, 3. 8 ran.
The VETERAN STAKES.—Mr. Denny's Matron (Owner), 1; Kilcarden, 2. 3 ran.

SATURDAY.

The GUARDS' CLUB HUNT CUP.—Colonel Harford's Maritana (Owner), 1; Cinderella, 2. 5 ran.
The GRAND MILITARY HUNT CUP.—Colonel Fynde's (Royal Artillery), Gil Blas (Mr. Lee Barber), 1; The Clown, 2. 6 ran.
The LIGHT-WEIGHT GRAND MILITARY SWEEPSTAKES.—Mr. H. D. Brocklehurst's (5th Lancers) Collegian (Owner), 1; Matador II., 2. 7 ran.
The MILITARY WELTER WEIGHT-OR-AGE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Ward's (Royal Artillery) Moonstone (Mr. Dalbiac), 1; Andalous, 2; Theseus, 3. 7 ran.
The HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. A. Egerton's Billy M'Daniel (Colonel Harford), 1; Aldates, 2; Hungeford, 3. 9 ran.
The SANDOWN OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. M. Beresford's Muscovy (Mr. C. W. Waller), 1; Melrose, 2; Pollux, 3. 4 ran.

CROYDON MEETING.

TUESDAY, MARCH 11.

The STEWARDS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Lord M. Beresford's ch g Jackal (Jones), 1; Quibble, 2; Jupiter, 3. 8 ran.
The SELLING STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. E. Grain's b g Mimulus (J. Adams), 1; Minnie, 2; Pinafore, 3. 5 ran.
The CROYDON HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. Drake's br h Quits (Mr. Crawshaw), 1; Bellringer, 2; Fay, 3. 9 ran.
The SHIRLEY HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Nightingall's br h Bonchurch (R. I'Anson), 1; Palestine, 2; Militant, 3. 7 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The WOODSIDE STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. J. Brodie's Militant (J. Jones), 1; Gipsy, 2; Buridan, 3. 3 ran.
The ADDISCOMBE STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. Goodchild's Mimulus (Gregory), 1; Minute, 2; Pinafore, 3. 6 ran.
The MAIDEN HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Nightingall's Samaria (Levitt), 1; Militant, 2; La Mancha, 3. 4 ran.
The GRAND INTERNATIONAL HURDLE RACE.—Duke of Hamilton's The Bear (R. Marsh), 1; Boniface, 2; Blue Ruin, 3. 8 ran.
The MIDDLE CLASS HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. G. Kruckenberg's Ebor (Mr. H. Lowe), 1; Gimcrack, 2; Gaper, 3. 3 ran.

THURSDAY.

The SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. G. Pullin's Boxing Day (Mr. Hanbury), 1; Astrologer, 2; Hungerford, 3. 7 ran.
The SYDENHAM HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Harris's Stanwix (S. Daniels), 1; Lady Pitt, 2; Swing, 3. 12 ran.
The CHAMPION HURDLE RACE.—Mr. T. Jennings's Paul's Cray (T. Jennings, jun.), 1; Lighthouse, 2; Nugget, 3. 3 ran.
The UNITED KINGDOM STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. J. Hefford's Verity (S. Daniels), 1; Royal Oak II., 2; Juggler, 3. 5 ran.
The WICKHAM HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Nightingall's Bonchurch (R. I'Anson), 1; Jamsai Arriere, 2; Gordon, 3. 5 ran.

MESSRS. PRATT & BARBROOK, of Conduit-street, W., have been appointed Clerks of the Course to the Wolverhampton Race Meetings.
DEATH OF A VOWAL.—This celebrated horse, by Professor out of Kocket, by an Arabian, brought from India by Lord Strachnairn, died on the 18th March, having succumbed to inflammation through brutality. On Tuesday, 11th Feb., the stud groom unknown to Lord Strachnairn rode him to cover twenty miles from home, when he did a sharp run of 1 hour 40 min., (having been locked up in the stables for many weeks owing to frost) this proved too much for him and he broke down completely, so it was remarked by observers, in spite of which the groom still went on and finished 16 miles from home. The return journey was accomplished with great difficulty and suffering. He was instantly attended to, but inflammation set and he died in a few days. The groom decamped, and has not since been found. It will be recollected that this renowned horse was matched at Newmarket in 1877, against H.R.H. The Prince of Wales's Arab Alept for £500 (4 mile race),

which he won easily. He was to have been trained for the Grand National this year, but the nomination was too late. The head, skin, and feet are being preserved and mounted by Rowland, Ward, & Co., 166, Piccadilly, when they will shortly be on view.

THE LAST OF THE BIRDCATCHER.—When on a visit to Woodlands Stud last week, I saw the brood mare July (dam of Joker, Jollity, Vale Royal, Harmony, Harmonides, La Giroftee, Jewel, &c.), now twenty-four years old, and heavy in foal to Macgregor. July is probably the only Birdcatcher mare in England likely to breed again, unless it may be Lady Trespass or Seville, for though thirty-six are named in Vol. 13 of the Stud Book, more than two-thirds are dead, and the rest barren, or sold as not likely to breed again. July was put to the stud in 1861, and has produced a foal every year since then, excepting in 1878. Her daughter, the Jewel, by Stockwell, was sold by Messrs. Graham to go to Poland, and there produced the famous Przewit, winner of the principal races in Germany a few years ago. There is a good representative of July left at the Woodlands stud in a granddaughter, a mare by Lord Clifden out of the Jewel, also in foal to Macgregor. Macgregor seems a very sure foal getter, for I heard of several mares of twenty years old and upwards being in foal to him. Besides July there is Secret-Treasure, aged twenty-three, and mare (dam of Douglas, Merry Lass, &c.) by Russboro, aged twenty-two, both in foal to Macgregor. All these three mares were barren last year when sent to Woodlands.

STUD NEWS.

BONEHILL PADDOCKS, Tamworth.—On Feb. 23rd the Bonehill Stud's "Klithy's dam," a brown filly by Musket, and will be put to Pero Gomez; March 1st, Hollandaise, a bay colt, by Pero Gomez, and will be put to Childerie; Fleuriste, by West Australian, will be put to Pero Gomez, and to whom the following mares have arrived: Mr. Weever's Lulu, in foal to him and Bill of Fare; Mr. Walker's Katrine, and Mr. Tattersall's Prinette.

WOODLANDS STUD (Mr. Van Haansbergen's), Knitsley Station, Consett Branch, North-Eastern Railway Station, co. Durham.—Arrived to Macgregor: Lord Fitzwilliam's Dorothea, by Bay Middleton, in foal, and Octavia, by Warlock, in foal; Mr. H. M. Walker's Lady Agnes, by Lozenge, in foal to Macgregor; Sukey, by Vedette, in foal to George Frederick; Pardalote, by Stockwell; Mrs. Chaloner's Agnes Petrie, by Rake, maiden; Mr. Manfield's mare by Underhand; Slayer's Daughter, barren; Rev. Mr. Miller's Sardinia, by Stock; Rona, by Lady of the Isles; Mr. Armstrong's Curtain Lecture; Mr. J. H. Greave's Louise of Lorne, by Victorious, in foal to Thunder; and his Mirth, by Lord Clifden, in foal. Arrived to Chamant: Mr. Holmes's Harriet Laws, by Lecturer; Rev. Mr. Miller's Ammunition, by Vedette; Mr. Trenholm's Countess; Fascination, by Wild Dayrell; Mr. W. Brown's Honoria, by Colsterdale, in foal to Macgregor; and his Callipodia, by Caractacus; Mr. Thompson's Fanny, by Underhand; Mr. H. M. Walker's Perchance, by Adventurer. Arrived and awaits orders: Mr. Thos. Hodgson's mare (dam of Gowk), by Cathedral, dam by Lambton.

THE STUD COMPANY (LIMITED), Cobham, Surrey.—On March 5th, the Stud Company's Steppe, a colt by Doncaster, and will be put to Wild Oats; 6th, the Stud Company's Miss Ada, a colt by Flageolet, and will be put to Craig Millar; 7th, the Marden Deer Park Stud's Venice, a colt by Stratford, and will be put to Wild Oats; 10th, the Stud Company's Shepherd's Bush, a colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; 11th, the Stud Company's Becky Sharp, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Blair Athol: March 7th, the Stud Company's Better Half. Arrived to Blue Gown: 6th, the Stud Company's Corcyra; 10th, Mr. J. Barnard Hankey's Curiosity, with colt by Pero Gomez. Arrived to Wild Oats: 4th, Baron Rothschild's Onyx, in foal to Henry; 8th, Mr. J. Porter's Misadventure; 10th, Sir Wroth Lethbridge's Faith (dam of St. Augustine), with filly by Wild Oats; and his Duty. Arrived to George Frederick: 4th, Mr. Henry Jones's Danish Rose. Arrived to Kaiser: 6th, Mr. A. Wolfe's Stratemuc, in foal to Tibthorpe.

MARDEN DEER PARK, Caterham, Surrey.—On March 10th, Mr. G. F. Lyndon's Frivolity (winner of the Middle Park Plate), a colt foal by See Saw, and will be put to Craig Millar. Arrived to See Saw: Mr. Wolfe's Hilda, by Underhand; Mr. Lant's Duckling, by The Drake; Mr. T. Jennings's Jeannette (dam of Japonica), by Gladiator; Sir Thomas Lennard's Erolite, by Thunderbolt; Mr. Bromwick's Lady Kars, with a colt foal by John Davis; Lord Wilton's Honeymoon (dam of Cradle), by Ratanaplan and Minette (sister to Miriflor), by Soapstone; also the Marden Deer Park Stud's Cassidia (dam of Charmwood, &c.), by Orlando. Arrived to Soapstone: Captain F. Yeatman's Pucelle, by St. Albans, with filly foal by Brother to Stratford; also the Marden Deer Park Stud's Miss Bell, by Stockwell.

MOORLANDS STUD FARM, York.—On Feb. 22nd, Mr. Taylor-Sharpe's Queen Bee, by King Tom, a bay filly by Merry Sunshine, and has been put to Camballo; 24th, Mr. Tritton's Palmetta, by Beadsman, a brown colt by Vespasian, and has been put to Camballo; 27th, Mr. Thompson's Hesperithusa, by Hesperus (dam of Hesper), a chestnut colt by Speculum, and has been put to Camballo; March 3rd, Mr. Thompson's Dinner Bell, by Belladrum, a bay colt by Lord Lyon, and has been put to Speculum; 5th, Euonyma, by Restitution, a black colt by Thunder. Arrived to Speculum: Mr. Swanwick's Currer Bell, by See Saw, barren; Lord Ellesmere's Vat, by Macaroni, with foal at foot by Turntable; Major Stapylton's Sabre, by Thormanby (dam of Sword Knot), in foal to Syrian; and his Speranza, by Thormanby, barren; Mr. Johnstone's Performer, by Adventurer, in foal to Kosciuscan; and Mr. Combe's Wild Dove, by Wild Dayrell (dam of Woodquest), in foal to Hermit. Arrived to Camballo: Mr. Scott's Blair Brae, by Blair Athol, barren; Captain Thompson's Auchnafree, by Raparee (dam of Highland Mary), with filly at foot by Knight of the Garter; Mr. Hibby's Paresseuse, by Nabob, in foal to Pretender; Mr. Harrison's Florence Aislaibie, by Young Melbourne (dam of Louise of Lorne and Helen), barren; Mr. Platt's Lady Stately, by Cape Flyaway, barren; Mr. Thompson's Gorvan, by Piccadory; Captain Vyner's Melinda, by King Tom, barren; Captain Starkey's Mizpah, by Thunderbolt; and Mr. H. F. C. Vyner's Radiance, barren. The subscription to Camballo is full.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT TATTERSALL'S.

ON Saturday last the final disposal of the few remaining Glasgow Stud sires which failed to change hands at the break-up of that breeding establishment last autumn, took place, but only three out of the five put up were disposed of, there being no bid for Stratford or Beauveau, who will either be turned out for life or destroyed, we presume, in accordance with the terms of their breeder's will. First flight, another of the Glasgow lot, was also put up, but failed to elicit a bid. A draft of Captain Douglas Lane's horses in training was previously disposed of for small prices:—The Glasgow Stallions: Rapid Rhone, by Young Melbourne, dam (1848) by Lanercost or Retriever (Mr. B. B. Trench) 7yrs.; brother to Rapid Rhone (Mr. B. B. Trench), 20yrs.; roan horse (1853) by Brother to Bird on the Wing (1853) out of Rapid Rhone's dam (Mr. Oliver), 4yrs. The property of Captain D. Lane:—Flintlock (7 yrs), by Flash-in-the-Pan out of Lady Maud, by The Prime Minister (Mr. Short), 3yrs.; Calton (5 yrs), by Broomeilaw out of Inveresk's dam (Mr. Sanger), 3yrs.; Filibuster (3 yrs), by Paul Jones out of Vicar's Daughter, by Surplice (Mr. Manser), 5yrs.; Groomsman (2 yrs), by Cardinal York out of Vicar's Daughter (Mr. Sanger), 4yrs.; Woggy (3 yrs), by D'Estournel out of Bouquet (Mr. Fitzwilliam), 15yrs.; Islam (aged), by Musjid out of Village Lass, by Pyrrhus the First (Mr. Allen), 4yrs.

COURSING.

SOUTH LANCASHIRE CHAMPION MEETING. FRIDAY.—The Great Scarisbrick Champion Cup was divided between Captain Balmer's Brevity and Mr. R. V. Mayer's Moes Boy. The deciding course of the Southport Stakes was won by Mr. T. Musgrave's ns Daply Moor beating Mr. T. G. Bancroft's Bounceaway. The Crosrens Stakes were divided between Mr. Sarraff's Greenwood Lad and Mr. S. Millikin's Derby Lass, and the Banks Stakes were divided between Mr. T. C. Morrells My Nannie O and Mr. T. Whitfield's Lord Douglas.

On Friday February 28, and Saturday, March 1st, the owners and occupiers of land in the district hunted by Mr. Hick's Harriers, had a days coursing over his estate, the new member for the county giving a silver cup, and coming down himself purposely to meet his neighbours and supporters in the field. Judge, Mr. J. P. Nunn; Slipper, Stephen H. Jeffrey.
Mr. Giblin's Gay Lass beat Mr. Payne's Mouse.
Mr. Perkins's Fly beat Mr. Fowler's Empress.
Mr. Robin's Reveller beat Mr. Osler's Rise.
Mr. Robin's Regular beat Mr. A. Kent's Advertisement.
Mr. F. Kent's Aristocrat beat Mr. Moore's Master.
Mr. H. Kent's Gaudy beat Mr. Sworder's Spot.
Mr. B. Giblin's Mystery ran a bye.
Gay Lass beat Reveller
Regular beat Fly
Aristocrat beat Mystery
Gaudy ran a bye

Regular beat Gay Lass
Gaudy beat Aristocrat
Mr. Robin's Regular beat Mr. Giblin's Gaudy, and won the cup.
Mr. Robin is a tenant of the Squire's, having held a farm of him at Isleham for thirty years without any fresh agreement, and is always ready to do all in his power to promote sport when the Harriers come into his neighbourhood. There were several remarkably good courses, as is always the case on this property, and on the first day, after the stakes had been run off, other courses were arranged to complete the day.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each.—[Advrt.]

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE MARGUERITE OF PRUSSIA.

MARRIAGES are generally interesting—especially to the ladies—but a royal marriage is always a matter of supreme concern to all sorts of people; it means so much, has such varied aspects, can be regarded from view-points of such diversified character, and, apart from its grandeur, the lofty destinies it unites, and its political significance, never fails to open up quite a little world of curious inquiries and speculations. Some see only the brilliant surroundings, the state and ceremony of the great event; others only its future bearing on the policy of Governments; some are mainly interested in the private lives and characters of the affianced pair, and the thoughts of others are chiefly occupied with the effect their union will have upon trade, or upon the fashionable festivities of the season. Not a few kindly contemplative souls will overlook all these momentous bearings to wander in a maze of surmises about the actual condition of their affections one towards the other, and their consequent chance of enjoying domestic happiness; well knowing how often and how cruelly the interests of States rather than those of individuals have been consulted in the marriages of princes, and how bitterly many royal brides and bridegrooms have paid for the accident of their greatness. For such good souls there is comfort in the thought that the Royal Lady who now occupies the throne of this realm has always given domestic virtues and affections a foremost place in her regard, and that in the households emanating from her own they have never been slighted or contemned.

With the pomp and grandeur which have made old Windsor so radiant and joyous, the arrival of royal and distinguished visitors, the landing at Queenborough, and all the other striking features of the mighty event of this week we have no special business. Our contemporaries will deal with them so exhaustively and thoroughly that we may well be permitted to pursue the even tenor of our special way, preserving still the ordinary features of our weekly issue. But we cannot refrain from placing on our front page a portrait of the youthful royal bride, whom we all regard with feelings of the deepest interest and sympathy.

The Princess Louise Marguerite Alexandra Victoria Agnes is the third and youngest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. Report speaks highly of her character as that of an accomplished and exceedingly amiable young lady, gracefully simple and unaffected in her manners, popular with all classes of society in her own country, and likely to be no less so here. Her Royal Highness is now in her nineteenth year, as she was born on the 21st of July in 1860, and if all we hear be true, her marriage is one of pure esteem and affection, which promises to be productive of great and lasting happiness. The Duke of Connaught was, it is said, first smitten by her charms of person and conversation on the occasion of his visiting Berlin in company with his brother, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, to witness the double wedding of the Princess Charlotte of Prussia and the Princess Elizabeth, in 1877.

THE LATE MR. JOHN FREDERICK FRAIL.

It was not a surprise, although a source of deeply-felt regret and sorrow, when the death of Mr. John Frederick Frail, senior, Mayor of Shrewsbury, at 3.45 on the afternoon of Sunday, March 9, was announced, in his seventy-fifth year, after an illness of about six weeks. The deceased, a native of Shrewsbury, was the senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Frail, handicappers, and was clerk of the course at the following, amongst other meetings:—Shrewsbury, Manchester, Northampton, Windsor, and, until recently, Bristol. He was also a member of the Council of Shrewsbury for a number of years. Mr. Frail strove diligently to make every race meeting at which he officiated honourably successful. His aim was to elevate the character of the sport by handsome endowments from the fund, to secure thereby the competition of animals superior to those which are, as a rule, to be found contesting the prizes of country gatherings. The records of the Shrewsbury Meeting chronicle his success. Mr. Frail made the Shrewsbury meeting so popular that his services were in general request, and it was characteristic of the esteem in which his talents were held that wherever he took up the reins of office success was looked upon as assured. The Northampton and Huntingdon fixtures, to mention but two of those which have recently come within his direction, were almost *in articulo mortis*, but his vivifying influence soon made itself felt, while his personal popularity enabled him to get all the great names of the Turf upon his subscription lists.

MR. LESLIE CROTTY.

MR. LESLIE CROTTY, whose portrait appears in this issue, was born in the West of Ireland, 28 years ago, and is the fourth son of the late Rev. William Crotty, of Galway. From an early age he exhibited decided musical talent, and on discovering that he possessed a voice, formed a firm resolve to cultivate the "divine art," with what success may be judged from his recent performances in the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Her Majesty's. Mr. Crotty spent some time in the employment of a Dublin banking company; but his aspirations were artistic, and he worked hard and earnestly towards the accomplishment of the one end he had set before him. His first appearance on any stage was at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, about seven years ago, when he played the part of the Don in *Don Giovanni*, performed in Italian, by amateurs under the direction of Mr. G. V. Lee. Later on, he studied for five years under a distinguished and successful master, Signor Alessandro Cellini (who migrated from Rome to Dublin as professor of harmony and singing), with the intention of going on the Italian stage. Meantime he organised an amateur operatic society in Dublin, which gave many highly creditable performances on the boards and in the concert-room. Mr. Carl Rosa, in one of his visits to the Irish metropolis, heard Mr. Crotty sing, and with that quick appreciation of merit which characterises him secured the services of the young artist at once. He sang with the company in Dublin, where he is a great favourite, and in their recent tour through the English provinces he has gained general commendation from the critics. Since the advent of the company to Her Majesty's, Mr. Crotty has won golden opinions, his full fresh voice, which is of rare sympathy and expression, combined with excellent artistic appreciation of the music he sings, proving a very attractive feature in the performances. He has decidedly made his mark in the metropolis, and we shall look forward with interest to his career. It should be mentioned that Mr. Crotty is the composer of several songs, some of which have been sung by Madame Albani, Signor Foli, &c.

GRAND MILITARY, SANDOWN.

That there should have been so much "grief" at Sandown on Saturday is not a little surprising. If the animals engaged in the various contests were not all up to the average, they were, on the whole, a useful set, and with such riders on their backs, and such very fair going over a not too difficult country, they would have managed, we should have supposed, to quit the course without much mishap. In the first race, the Guards' Cup, however, two out of five, Grizel and Response, fell, and

the latter was so badly hurt that the owner had it destroyed. In the Grand Military Hunt Cup the Knight of Kars mare and Lady Louise came down, two ran out of the course, and only two passed the post. Stratagem fell in the Light Weight Steeplechase, and the winner, Collegian, just saved a cropper, bungling curiously over the last fence but one. Then followed the Military Welter, from which Mr. Sturgess has taken his sketch. Sir Morgan got over the water, but tumbled over the next fence, and two fences from home Catapult fell in the manner here depicted, his owner and jockey, Mr. G. Abercromby, turning an extremely neat somersault. This fence was a very fair hunting jump, a rail and made-up hedge; but it was too much for Catapult; and the accident was so severe that he has suffered the same fate as Response. Amongst other noteworthy incidents of the meeting was the admirable handling of the apparently very awkward mare, Chemise, by Col. Harford. The remarks we made lately on the subject of this gentleman's consummate skill as a rider were fully borne out. It need hardly be said that there was more than one glorious certainty, which could not lose by any adverse combination of chances, and that those believers who laid 7 and 6 to 4 on the deceptive should-be winners left their money behind them.

BEFORE THE DAYS OF BREECHLOADERS.

MR. DADD has taken a period not only before the days of breechloaders, but before the days of muzzleloaders, and even before those times when the less skilful bowers were gratified by the invention of the cross-bow. There was in these days one great incentive to straight shooting. If a man missed his aim he frequently had to go without his dinner by way of penalty. There was no convenient butcher's shop just round the corner. He who wanted venison usually had to go and find it for himself, and having done so was forced to shoot straight if he were bent on disintegrating the stag. It would be especially interesting to hear some particulars of what was considered good sport in these remote days; that is to say, how often a marksman of reputation could kill, at how many yards, on an average. No doubt a tolerable proportion of the game was trapped in some manner or other, but such Britons as that here depicted must have used their bows and arrows with good effect, and brought down their prey, if not with unerring aim, at least with very wonderful skill. To modern hands and arms the long bow is a very unwieldy weapon, though modern tongues pull it metaphorically with considerable ability. It would seem that the bow must be an easier weapon to use than the dart or javelin; and when we know that at the present day Caffres with their assegais, for example, can make fairly certain of a buck, going full speed, at thirty yards, a practised bow-shot must have been a dangerous enemy. Evidently these dogs know their business as well as their masters. The restraining hand laid upon them is hardly necessary. They know perfectly well that they must keep still and quiet till the despatch of the flying arrow gives them the cue to start, and then their make and shape confirm the supposition that they can go the pace. Since these dogs crouched expectantly at the feet of British bowers, the breeds of sporting dogs have become more distinctly marked; but the animals which join us in our sports to-day derive their keen instincts from the experience of their predecessors "Before the Days of Breechloaders."

SCENE FROM THE OPERA OF "ETIENNE MARCEL" AT THE GRAND THEATRE, LYONS.

We learn that the opera of "Etienne Marcel," recently brought out at the Grand Theatre at Lyons, has met with the greatest success. Our engraving represents the first scene in the second act, in which the insurgents, led by Marcel, invade the Hotel of the Dauphin and kill the Marshal of Normandy, whom they accuse of giving evil advice to the prince. The provost (Marcel) is in the act of placing the Cap of Liberty on the head of the Dauphin, whose own cap he has removed and holds in his hand.

THAMES FISHING: THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

The descriptive article belonging to this sketch will be found on page 638.

BOXING AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The detailed particulars have been dealt with by "Exon" in his usual weekly contribution. It will be found on page 626.

PENCILINGS FROM THE PLAYS.

The descriptive article belonging to these sketches will be found on page 638.

A SPORTING contemporary says: "Anecdotes of a more or less eccentric character could be told of John Frail, and some by evil tongues who are given to lying and slandering; but the greatest refutation to them is that up to the day of his death the esteem and respect of the magnates of the Turf and other branches of society were enjoyed by the deceased gentleman. Windsor Races under his fostering care have become a fashionable *réunion*, nourished as it is by the wings of Royalty, extending from the ancient castle which frowns over the "Rays." Turning to the political side of his career, the influence of Mr. Frail was always more *felt* than *seen*, and it was a great compliment to him when the note to his portrait, published some few years ago, was "To the Conservatives of England." For very many years Mr. Frail was a recognised agent of the Conservative cause, and many a seat has been gained or retained from his so to speak magic influence. The majority of politicians will remember well his examination (on crutches) before a committee of the House of Commons on the celebrated "W. B." letter in connection with the also celebrated "Derby election." In private life there were few more genial acquaintances to anyone of cultivated mind than Mr. Frail, his fund of anecdote being inexhaustible. For a long time to come, the well-known figure in the "high-buttoned frock," well-made trousers, with gaiters over the boots, choker, and tall hat, will be keenly missed from the paddock at the best meetings, and many who have enjoyed it will miss the genial shake of the hand and quiet *à propos* remark, ever ready, of John Frail. Though for many years the highest municipal honours of Shrewsbury had been at Mr. Frail's disposal, he invariably declined to accept them, and when in November last he did accept the office of Mayor, it was more to wake up the lethargy which existed as to the holding of that office than for any personal love of office. During the past few years in his racing business Mr. Frail has been assisted by his sons, Messrs. John and Charles Frail, and on whom now devolves the carrying out of the business so well established by the practical mind and ability of their father.

WORMS IN DOGS.—"Stonehenge," in his celebrated work on "The Dog," says:—"Worms are a fertile source of disease in the dog, destroying every year more puppies than distemper itself." While the *Field* says, concerning distemper:—"All treatment, to be successful, must be preceded by the expulsion of worms." Naldire's Powders remove these pests within one hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach, and producing first-rate condition in dogs. One dose is sufficient, and dogs readily take it. Naldire's Powders are sold by all chemists, and by BARCLAY & SONS, 55, Farringdon-street, London.—[ADVT.]

RORKE'S DRIFT, JANUARY, 1879.

JOIN O people of England, join in the praise of the men,
Of the men who fought so nobly, 'gainst overwhelming odds;
Hardly indeed such battle is to be told with the pen;
Never by ancient heroes excelled, nor by ancient gods.

Roman legends tell us how brave Horatius stood
Offering single resistance to guard beloved Rome;
Under the Roman eagles, spirit and hardihood
Shone in victory oft; but in fight to protect her home
England has ever been first to give her heroes' blood.

Murky and dark the night; and the sound of distant strife,
Ever borne on the wind, strikes sharp and shrill on the ear,
Riding in haste come men, escaped from the bloody knife;
"Rouse yourself and fight for your lives, the foe is here!"
Intrepid, he shows them how to raise a slight defence;
Only a ridge of sacks around that gallant band;—
Thirsting for blood, on rush the blacks in horrid swarms and dense,
Thinking how soon they'll overcome, and slay them where they stand.

Charge they madly, and fall in heaps upon the field,
Hour after hour repulsed, and beaten by those few;
Ah! thank'd be God! at daybreak see, they waver, turn, they yield!

Rorke's Drift is saved! O gallant souls all honour be to you!
Double, ay triple thanks, and praise, and glory are your due!

Rejoice in thinking, Englishmen, and Englishwomen's beauty,
"England is always sure her gallant sons will do their duty."

[We have to thank many correspondents for sending acrostics on the above most worthy subject. The above has been selected as, apart from its merit and vigour, it is the tribute of a friend and comrade of the gallant hero.—ED. J. S. & D. N.]

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE third concert of the current season of the Philharmonic Society was given last week, when the following selection of music was presented:—

PART I.		
Symphony in E flat, No. 8	Haydn.	
Aria, "Che pur aspro al cuore" (Il Seraglio)	Mozart.	
Concerto, Violin	Brahms.	
PART II.		
"Jupiter" Symphony	Mozart.	
Recitative and Andante, from 6th Concerto for Violin ..	Spohr.	
Aria, "Ciel possente" (Cythera)	Gluck.	
Overture, "Ruy Blas"	Mendelssohn.	

The two symphonies were admirably performed, and the fine quality of the band was evidenced in the *Ruy Blas* overture, one of Mendelssohn's best orchestral preludes. The new violin concerto by Brahms was the most interesting feature in the programme; and, with Herr Joachim as solo violinist, it received complete interpretation. A second hearing of the concerto served to confirm the opinion formed when it was first produced at the Crystal Palace. It is well written, and the orchestral accompaniments are masterly, but there is no evidence of creative power. Technical knowledge will not compensate for the absence of original melody, and of this the concerto is almost entirely barren. The violin part is full of difficulties, and is serviceable for the display of the marvellous executive ability possessed by Joachim; but the difficulties, however successfully surmounted, awaken no sensations of pleasure in the listener, and the performer's skill appears to be wasted on unprofitable materials. We have on various occasions protested against the unwarranted adulation paid to Herr Brahms, and have pointed out that the expectations awakened by his early promise have not been realised. We have yet to receive from him an oratorio, an opera, and an overture worthy to be placed among standard works. He has produced two orchestral symphonies, which are written in workmanlike style, but are devoid of original genius; and his new violin concerto is equally unworthy to be placed beside standard works of its class. The phrases of Hungarian melody introduced in the opening movement, and some portions of the Andante, may be heard with pleasure; but the Concerto, as a whole, is laboured, pedantic, and dry, and would not have commanded a second hearing had it been the work of an unknown and "unpuffed" composer. Herr Joachim played the violin part in masterly style, and the orchestral accompaniments were ably rendered, but the "Concerto in D by Brahms" was endured rather than enjoyed, and it must be a matter of surprise to find it announced for repetition at the next concert of the Philharmonic Society. Herr Joachim's execution of the Spohr Concerto was exquisite, and the work shone by contrast with that of Brahms. The vocal music was well sung by Miss Emma Thursby, one of the best among the foreign artists by whom we have recently been visited. Mr. W. G. Cousins conducted with equal skill and carefulness, and the concert was in many respects one of the best given during the season.

At the fourth concert of the series, to be given on Thursday next, the Brahms concerto will be repeated, and the programme will include Schumann's "Rhine" Symphony in B flat, and Beethoven's 4th Pianoforte Concerto, with Mdlle. Janotha as pianist.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The 16th of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts was given on Saturday last, when the following selection was presented:—1. Overture, *Der Freischütz*, Weber; 2. Recit. and Aria (Siroe), Handel, Herr Henschel; 3. Symphony in B flat (MS.), C. Villiers Stanford (first time of performance); 4. Scena, "Mia speranza adorata," and aria, "Ah non sai, qual pensa," Mozart, Miss Emma Thursby; 5. Fantasia for pianoforte, in C (Op. 15), Schubert (adapted for pianoforte and orchestra by Liszt), pianoforte, Miss Marie Krebs; 6. Duo, "Una remota antica ricordanza" (*Il Vascello Fantasma: The Flying Dutchman*), Wagner, Miss Thursby and Herr Henschel; 7. Kondo Capriccio for pianoforte solo, Mendelssohn, Miss Marie Krebs; 8. Overture, *William Tell*, Rossini. It is scarcely necessary to say that the fine overtures by Weber and Rossini were played to perfection by the excellent band of the Crystal Palace, under the skilful direction of Mr. Manns. They also did full justice to the new symphony by Mr. C. V. Stanford, which—as an important novelty—was the most interesting feature in the programme. Mr. Stanford has produced some minor works of considerable merit, and his reputation as a sound musician will be enhanced by the production of his symphony in B flat. It was written for the "symphony competition" at the Alexandra Palace in 1877, and was awarded the second prize; the first prize having been given to Mr. F. E. Davenport. Mr. Stanford has had ample experience in musical matters, at home and abroad, and has been found worthy to hold the posts of organist at Trinity College, Cambridge, and conductor of the Cambridge University Musical Society. Although his symphony might in some places have been better scored, it is a work of much promise, and

future efforts by the composer will be hopefully awaited. It is, however, more commendable as a specimen of good workmanship than as an evidence of original power. The themes are trite and uninteresting, and there is nothing in the treatment of them to impart extraneous interest. The first movement is a "Larghetto," followed by an "Allegro vivace." No. 2 is a "Scherzo" in G minor, in the tempo of the "Ländler," or old German waltz, and includes two trios. No. 3 is an "Andante Tranquillo" in E flat; No. 4 the "Finale, Allegro motto"—of course in the original key of B flat. The first movement is pastoral in character, and is disfigured by a harsh phrase led off by the flute. A phrase given to the violas is obscured by superfluous orchestration, and is more effective when subsequently given to the violoncello. The Scherzo contains few original phrases, and the two Trios are dull and commonplace. The Andante, led off by the violins (muted), followed by the violas, is absolutely devoid of original melody of any value, and the Finale is noisy without being effective. Throughout the symphony the listener is never charmed by evidences of lively imagination or originality. Without the attribute of fresh melody, no orchestral work is likely to command success, and Mr. Stanford's symphony was coldly received. It is, nevertheless, a work of promise, and we may hope hereafter to welcome Mr. Stanford as a composer able to combine technical knowledge with the creative faculty. The two foreign vocalists, Miss Thursby and Herr Henschel, sang skilfully, and Mdle. Krebs played with great ability in Liszt's orchestral travesty of

Schubert's pianoforte solo, and in Mendelssohn's delightful Rondo Capriccioso.

ALEXANDRA PALACE OPERAS.

The English opera season at the Alexandra Palace recommenced on Saturday last with a performance of Balfe's *Satanella*. Twenty years have elapsed since this opera was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, with Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Susan Pyne, MM. W. H. Harrison, Corri, Weiss, and George Honey in the cast. It was highly successful, but has not often been heard of late years—partly because the plot is absurd, and the libretto badly written, and partly because it is not easy to find an operatic soprano capable of undertaking the exacting rôle of *Satanella*. On Saturday last this character was assigned to Madame Blanche Cole, who is at the present time by many degrees superior to any artist to be found on the English operatic stage. She was in splendid voice, and her singing was full of refinement and expression. The popular air, "The power of love," which runs through the opera, was exquisitely sung, and elicited an enthusiastic encore, due to the art of the singer no less than to the charm of the familiar melody. The subsequent air, "In silence, sad heart, go," was equally well sung, and throughout the opera Madame Blanche Cole proved herself to be an artist of the highest rank. The Count Rupert was Mr. J. W. Turner, who has seldom been heard to so much advantage. His voice appears to have increased in volume,

without any diminution of its agreeable and sympathetic quality, and he displayed surprising and unexpected power in his high chest notes. In the Bacchanalian song, "The glorious vintage of Champagne," he roused the audience to positive enthusiasm, and certainly the spirited aria has never been better sung. Mr. Ludwig obtained a hearty encore for the barytone song, with chorus, "Rovers, rulers of the sea," with which the name of poor Weiss was so long associated. Mr. Ludwig acted capably, and looked every inch a pirate of the most aggravated type. In appearance he was oddly in contrast with his piratical followers, who had not taken the trouble to darken their complexions, and looked like a timorous herd of pale-faces, whom a single policeman could put to flight. Mr. Brocolini (*Arimanes*) was not letter perfect in his part—possibly for want of sufficient rehearsals—but his fine bass voice was heard to advantage, and he was much applauded. Mrs. Aynsley Cook, as the selfish Princess Stella, not only acted well, but sang with much ability, and Miss Emma Temple was an acceptable Lelia. Mr. J. D. Stoye took infinite pains with the rôle of Hortensius, and succeeded in awakening abundant laughter; Mr. T. H. Friend was an amusing Vizier; and Mr. G. Harvey (*Karl*) was rewarded with well-deserved applause for his pleasant rendering of the song, "Would she but name the day." Mr. Frederic Archer conducted with his usual ability, and the opera was favourably received by an audience of more than three thousand persons.

The Lily of Killarney will be produced to-night, with Madame



DEER AND FAWN.

Bauermeister as Fily O'Connor, in which character she made a great success last year, during Mr. Mapleson's season of English opera at Her Majesty's Theatre.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The thirty-third Monday Popular Concert of the current season was given on Monday last at St. James's Hall, and presented many points of interest. The opening piece was Schumann's quartett in D minor, Op. 41, No. 1—one of the best works of the composer, written at a time when his genius had reached its zenith, and when his mind was free from the clouds which darkened the closing years of his life. In the hands of MM. Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti it was more than safe, and the audience testified their gratification by enthusiastic applause. The second part of the concert commenced with a Fantasia for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, also by Schumann, and heard for the first time in public on Monday last. The violinist was Herr Joachim, the pianist Mdle. Krebs, and the work was admirably executed. It was not very warmly welcomed, and is in few respects worthy to rank beside the better known works of Schumann, who wrote it near the close of his life, while oppressed by the nervous disorder which culminated soon afterwards in madness. Henceforward it will probably remain in oblivion, but Mr. Chappell and Herr Joachim deserve thanks for giving to English musicians an opportunity of hearing it. Mdle. Krebs played in faultless style Bach's "Prelude and Fugue à la Tarantella," and Miss Orridge sang tolerably well Gluck's "Che farò," and—very well—Gounod's "Quando a te lieta." The

concert concluded pleasantly with Haydn's bright quartett in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2. Mr. Zerbini accompanied the vocal music with his invariable skill.

The Carl Rosa Opera Season at Her Majesty's Theatre will conclude on Saturday next. During the past week repetitions have been given of operas previously produced during the season, and to-night Ignaz Brüll's comic opera, *The Golden Cross*, will be revived. As this opera is short, it will be followed by the ballet divertissement, *Les Nymphes de la Forêt*, to be produced under the direction of Madame Katti Lanner. *Carmen* will be repeated on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday (afternoon), *Rienzi* on Saturday night, *The Bohemian Girl* on Tuesday, *The Lily of Killarney* (under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict) on Friday, and *The Golden Cross* on Thursday. As the season will positively close on Saturday next, amateurs should profit by the few remaining opportunities of hearing the excellent ensemble presented by the Carl Rosa Company.

The 141st anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians will take place on Tuesday next, at Willis's Rooms; the Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.

A morning performance of *Elijah* will be given at Exeter Hall to-day by the Sacred Harmonic Society, assisted by Mmes. Williams, Patey, Horne, and Hancock; MM. Lloyd, Santley, Carter, De Lacy, and Chaplin Henry. Organist, Mr. Willing; conductor, Sir Michael Costa.

This evening, at the Royal Albert Hall, an "opera concert" will be given, in which several foreign artists will take part, assisted by a full orchestra and Mr. W. Carter's choir.

On Monday next (St. Patrick's Day) an "Irish concert" will be given at the Albert Hall; Mmes. Edith Wynne, Anna Williams, and Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and other popular artists are announced, and also Mr. Carter's choir, and the band of the Grenadier Guards.

At Exeter Hall on Monday next an "Irish ballad concert" will be given, at which Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. McGuckin, Mr. Howard Reynolds, Mr. Walter Clifford, and other popular artists will assist, and Mr. John Cheshire will play on the ancient Irish harp belonging to the Dowager Marchioness of Ely.

Mr. Ernest Gye and Mrs. Gye (Madame Albani) have returned to London. Next season we shall have the pleasure of seeing Madame Albani in characters which she has not before impersonated in London.

Madame Selina Dolaro's operatic and dramatic season at the Folly Theatre will commence on Easter Monday, April 14th.

Miss Nelly Bromley will return to the stage as a member of Madame Selina Dolaro's company at the Folly Theatre, and will undertake the second rôle in the three-act comic opera, with which the season will open.

The tenth annual concert on behalf of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage will be given on Friday next, at St. James's Hall. Mrs. Osgood, Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Walter Clifford, Mr. Thurlay Beale, and other popular vocalists, will assist; Miss Bessie Richards will play a pianoforte solo, and operatic selections will be played by the Police band, under the direction of Mr. W. Dickenson.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

SINCE the brilliant success of *The Pink Dominos* the entire hope of the comedy theatre manager has been in running the gauntlet of the Lord Chamberlain's office with a "naughty" comedy of the nature—or, at least, the intention—of Mr. Albery's clever adaptation. How many of varying morality and ability have been sent back from the Government cleansing-house who shall say? How many have percolated from thence to the theatres we know too well, for has there not been a plethora of trifles long drawn out, all more or less dealing with that sad dog the wayward husband, who will kick over the traces, and who for one night's indicated recklessness suffers some three or four acts of unprecedented worry, badgering and defeat, to say nought of the reckless system of lying that he has for his own part to observe. When the shoal of pieces indicated was cast upon the dramatic shore, critics failed to find many pearls, and, indeed, were evidently weary of the constant bright villa room, with its injured mistress and gay but guilty lord. Thus it became the cry that the productions left and right were merely the result of the success of *Pink Dominos*. And thus it was that when Mr. Bronson Howard's comedy of *Truth* was announced for production at the Criterion Theatre, the very home of the "Pretty Souls" and pretty husbands, theatre-goers in general and critics in particular were somewhat anxious for the results. The results at first were that the little comedy was "O, *Pink Dominos* over again." It may be that this piece of

to what degree Mr. Howard is a comedy writer as well as constructor. In *Truth* this difficulty is removed, and I for one find a quaint freshness, which is decidedly of the American humorist character, coupled with dialogue which shows the



Mr. H. Standing as Truth personified.

author to be Anglicised to a considerable extent. Mr. Bronson Howard's comedy is more to the class of piece Mr. Albery for a period delighted the town with at the Vaudeville. There is an odour of *The Two Roses* about the



Bronson Howard's great umbrella truth.

Mr. Bronson Howard's would never have been written had not *Pink Dominos* existed; but that it is an imitation of it is an absurd allegation. The similarity accrues from many circumstances, for which the author is not accountable. There is the theatre identified so recently with Mr. Albery's success, then the company taking part in the performance, notably Mr. Charles Wyndham, with his usual volatile class of young husband doing his little bit of deceit with its amusingly alarming results, and Mr. Standing; indeed, if Mr. Ashley had been retained for the cast, the audiences frequenting the house might well have wondered if it were a sequel to the piece that preceded it some weeks ago. But as far as Mr. Bronson Howard's work is concerned, it is unmistakably his own in construction as much as if it had been written prior to *Saratoga*, with this exception, that Mr. Howard has gained greatly from an English comedy point of view by his personal acquaintance with and study of England and the English. In the adaptation of *Saratoga* Mr. Frank Marshall supplied the English tone just as he did the English title of *Brighton*, and it would be difficult for one who had not seen the American comedy or series of comedy tableaux—I believe it is of a numerous nature—to judge



Mr. W. J. Hill as a light comedian.

similes employed. It has been Mr. Albery's habit to use trifles of ordinary necessity for preaching a little sermon in his comedy, writing a sewing machine, a croquet mallet, a refractory

cork in a seltzer bottle, a spade handle (Mr. Albery generally calls a spade a spade, by the way), anything of that sort will serve him as good a turn in its way as Touchstone's dial. Mr. Bronson Howard uses an umbrella, and keeps it up manfully during the three acts of his comedy. Mr. Wyndham is, of course, fitted with a part that suits his style, as I have said before—and might have walked out of *Brighton* or *The Great Divorce Case*, or *Hot Water*, or a dozen other pieces which are identified with his name. Low comedians must invent new business, character actors must find new phases of humanity to deal with, but it seems as if your light comedian has only to change his costumes for a fresh rôle. To my mind the part played by Mr. H. Standing is the best in the piece, and in the hands of this gentleman, the quiet way in which it asserts itself is irresistible. Mr. W. J. Hill, who did so much service in Mr. Bronson Howard's other works, again takes up his place under the same authorship; in this instance he assumes the character of a gay dog, known as Sir Partridge Compton. Not the least amusing part of the performance to me was the very great difficulty Miss Rose Egan had in keeping from laughing at Mr. Hill, when, as Lady Compton, she should have been most serious with Sir Partridge. Mr. Carton plays the part of Frederick Fry, who, with the other gentlemen, makes up the quartette of "four strong men." Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Rose Egan, Miss Norwood, and Miss F. Lee represent "four weak women" as a pendant picture. The one strong woman is the



Drury Lane, Allegory.

mother-in-law of the comedy—always a useful instrument in dramatic writing—played by Mrs. Stephens, and there are two other ladies engaged in the cast. Seven women *versus* four men! It is little wonder that the author found it possible to vanquish the sterner portion of his characters, which he does thoroughly, but only to extricate them through the soft, forgiving natures of the conquerors. There is a good deal of the American tone about the circumstance of the characters being mostly of the Quaker persuasion, or verging thereon, and it is of considerable value to the comedy.

So Drury Lane Theatre is to be converted into a circus, or something akin to it again. Hupla! Odds sawdust and odour of stables! "Her Majesty's servants" are to be represented by highly-trained steeds, and Mr. Merryman. Mr. Willing, Mr. George Washington Moore, of St. James's Hall fame, and Mr. Myers, the Hippodromist have knocked their heads together to this purpose—let us hope they won't hurt themselves. After all, it would be entertaining to see Mr. Moore doing "Pony" races round the ring to the crack of Mr. Myers' whip, while Mr. Willing as clown gave out those sayings to which clowns sometimes lend themselves for a trifle, consisting of very little wit and a good deal of advertisement for some enterprising tradesman.

SPORTING SKETCHES.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

THE Ploughshire country is certainly not an easy one to ride over, although doubtless it is looked down upon by the Meltonians as something totally and entirely "provincial." Still, when one or two of that august band honour us by their presence they generally figure as "inverted commas" once or twice before the end of the day. From its peculiar variety, that is, the different sorts of "obstacles" one has to encounter, it is an admirable school for a "young 'un," either man or beast. At one fence it is a case of an and off, at the next a creep, while the third requires full steam and fly the lot, an occasional bullfinch being thrown in to complete. The ditches are mostly broad, deep, and full of water. There is one fixture in particular which invariably produces a large field from all parts, with a corresponding amount of grief. The fences in that locality seem like the foxes, to have been "grewed a purpose;" and it was at Danefield Hall (the meet in question) I found myself on the morning that ushered in a most disastrous day. Indeed, from the time that the tag of my boot pulled off when dressing, everything seemed to go wrong. My favourite horse was *hors de combat*, and I was forced to ride a nag I had bought two days before, which my groom told me was "a rum 'un to back and was the deuce and all to hold." However I had seen it run in a military steeplechase and felt pretty confident of its powers of fencing. How basely the brute deceived me the sequel will show.

It was as usual a full meet. The park in front of the windows was quite bright with colour, and there were also a fair sprinkling of side saddles. Notwithstanding that it was what is known as a lawn meet, there was but little coffee-housing allowed after the hounds had come. "Eat and drink as much as you like before, but directly time's up, out you all go," was what the cheery old host and best of sportsmen, Sir John Gilford, used to say. And when the white-headed old butler announced with great pomp that "the 'ounds is come, Sir John," it was a case of boot and saddle *instantly*. I had a particular friend, Jim Weston, staying with me, and my old pal Johnny Liston as usual was handy. Charlie Manners I expected to see at Danefield, as he generally turned up there, being a great favourite with Sir John, who always kept room for him and his horses. It became a standing joke to call us three the inseparables, and if any mischief occurred in any of the counties adjoining it was always put down, I am sorry to say, to us. Jim Weston was a dear good fellow, somewhat obese, perhaps, but a first-rate actor and comic singer, a dead shot, and a nailing good bat. One thing he could not do—ride. He was the most utter funk on a horse imaginable, the fun of it being that he was awfully touchy on the subject, and could not stand being chaffed. The first real mishap on that eventful day occurred to Jim; he was getting on his horse at the door, and sat somewhat heavily down in the saddle, as bad luck would have it, on to the tail-pocket of his coat, wherein his servant had put a box of fuses. Bang they went! and there was Jim all afire behind. Perhaps he did not nip off sharp! and to see him in his shirt-sleeves, stamping and fuming, trying to extinguish the fire on the one hand, and his servant on the other, was most ludicrous. "I do not know what you two fools are laughing at," said he; "but I've burnt the d—d tails of my coat off through that oar's stupidity. You, I mean," turning to his repentant valet. "I believe you and Johnny would cackle if I'd burnt all my skin off. Look here, Master James (the valet), if ever I catch you sticking any infernal fuses into my pocket again I'll make you eat them. How the deuce am I to appear like this?" "Sit down on your saddle and hide it," roared Johnny. However, Jim would not take the advice, and I had to lend him my coat, donning a brand-new pink myself, in which garment Johnny said I looked like an overgrown geranium, and predicted all sorts of croppers, which came to pass before the day was out.

At last we made a start, and arrived at Danefield just as the hounds were moving off. The first draw was a sort of complimentary farce, viz., the laurels; and after that we trotted on to the osiers, which was an almost sure find. On the way there, was a most tempting little fence, a nice low rail, with a ditch on the far side, so instead of going through the gate I thought I would turn my new purchase over it and see in what sort of form he jumped. I went at it steadily till within a length or two, when I gave the horse his head; the next moment there was a loud crack, a deuce of a splatter of duck weed and dirty water, and I was deposited in the next field, with my gallant steed at the bottom of the ditch amid the roars of the whole field, above which I could distinguish Johnny's voice, offering "to buy my new pink at a discount." The brute never rose an inch, and breasting the rail, which luckily broke, staggered through into the ditch.

Anyway, the pink does not look so new, and it had probably taught my friend a lesson, though I confess I was puzzled, as I had seen the animal fencing splendidly about a year before. I afterwards found out that he had been going in a dog-cart and consequently had forgotten his gymnastic exercises. When we arrived at the osiers, I asked Johnny if he had seen Charlie anywhere, and he said "No; but his horses are here, for I saw Tom. By the way, have you heard of Charlie's new find—a French sportsman? Dibden tells me it is the greatest joke out; he puts the Gaul and the 'Colonel' together, 'the Colonel' tells all sorts of yarns which are swallowed like oysters, and the Frenchman thinks he is a perfect Nimrod, and gets a buster at every fence. By Jove! here they are." At this moment up rode Charlie, the Colonel, and a foreigner who looked a cross between a pastry-cook and a general. "Here we are, old boy, how are you all; Jim Weston too! why he's too fat to hunt," was Charlie's greeting; while the Colonel, with a twinkle in his eye, said to me, "Mornin', sir, so you've been doing circus again. I'm darned if you shan't be fixed as a lottery-wheel at the next exhibition. Fill your pockets with dollars, there'd be an almighty shower of 'em. It would draw you bet." Here Charlie struck in with "Gentlemen, let me introduce you to Monsieur Le Baron de la Bourse," on which we all bowed. "Great sportsman, is not he, Colonel?" "Sportsman," replied that worthy, "guess he'll show them how to dew it. He has the most almighty fine seat," (*sotto voce*) "on a chair; and though he ain't altogether a fixture in the saddle, reckon he'd put a Comanche to the blush the way he can whoop and holloa." "The Baron," at this juncture, thought it was almost time for him to say something, notwithstanding that his

vocabulary of the English language was not abundant, so he commenced with, "My vriends moi, I com to see ze sport—j'aime la chasse. I ride, yas—ver nice, and my vriend Colonel, he give me l'instruction—oui, he say jump and le cheval, he jump. Sometime he carry me viz 'im; bot, quelquefois, I not go also, bot make a—make a—ah! I forget—an overtip, n'est ce pas? Et puis, ze Colonel he laff comme le diable!" I am afraid that we all followed "the Colonel's" bad example and laughed "comme le diable, too." However, our mirth was silenced by hearing a whimper which gradually swelled into a full chorus, and a minute later, "Gone aw-ay, gone aw-a-ay!" from the bottom of the osiers signalled the departure of the "varmint." Here was a pretty mess. The fox away at the other end all in a second, while we were fooling about with "M'sieu le Baron." Without stopping to think about it, Charlie, Johnny, and self made tracks as hard as we could, followed by the Colonel and Jim. "The Baron" having caught his horse tight by the curb, at the same time spurring him all down the shoulder, was recumbent on mother earth, as the animal resented the insults by going straight on end, which proved too much of a perpendicular for the Frenchman, and the last thing we heard as we rattled off was, "Ah, mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Vere he climb to, mon Colonel? I tumble off!"—which he did, over the tail. When we got down to the bottom end we saw the tail hounds just emerging from a particularly nasty brook, and the leading ones streaming across the opposite meadow, with Tom, the huntsman, and a hard-riding farmer alone in their glory, the whole of the rest of the field like ourselves having been "chucked out." It was a case of in or over, and in it was for a good many. Strangely enough, my steed arrived safely on the other side, but played me exactly the same trick at the next fence as he did at the rails, coming head over heels, and sending me sky-rocketing again. Luckily, the hounds checked in the next field, and I was able to "pick up the pieces," in time to get to them before old Harbinger hit off the line. Away we went merrily for Parson's Gorse, to which bourn led a convenient line of gates, thereby enabling me to arrive in safety. From the gorse we ran a sharp ring back to the osiers, and on our way picked up Jim Weston and the Baron, who had by this time re-established himself, and was in high glee, for he informed us that he had "seen ze reynard ron oware ze yeld avec comment—ah, ze brosh ver dirtie." They had both gone round by a bridge, and met the fox on his return journey. However, the hounds were too close to allow of "ze reynard" wasting any time, so holding to the right he made up his mind for a main canter in Colby Wood, some three miles off, and there we went a cracker. My nag improved in his jumping powers at every fence, though he did put me down twice more, the second time breaking his bridle, which delayed me for some time, and made me almost wish I had joined the ranks of the "high-road brigade." As I approached Colby I saw something unusual was up, and on arriving found a most ludicrous comedy being enacted. In the ditch was the Baron's steed; while the Baron himself was gesticulating and "sacre-ing" most vehemently on the bank, endeavouring to get him out. Sitting on the rail and looking most disconsolate was Jim Weston, wringing out his coat, while a small boy was holding his horse just inside the wood. The fox having gone to ground, a number of admiring spectators had assembled, prominent among whom were Charlie and Johnny. On inquiring "What the dickens had happened?" I found that the Baron, having arrived off the friendly road just as the hounds entered the wood almost at the fox's brush, was so excited that he charged valiantly into the ditch with the result above mentioned; while Jim's mishap was accounted for by the small boy in the most *naïve* manner possible; for on Charlie singing out, "What's up, Jim, with you? and what's the lad holding your horse for?" the urchin took upon himself to reply as follows: "Hay couldna jump isself mayster, so ay gied man a tanner to catch his oss when ay touned it oer t'fence, but when ay come to git oer I'm darled if ay didna fall end oer in to bottom, up to is neck in wayter." As may be imagined, this speech caused considerable amusement to all but Jim Weston, who was not best pleased at being caught in the predicament. Eventually we managed to extract the Baron's horse and pacify the rider thereof, though we did not succeed in the latter until the Colonel tried his powers of persuasion, and told him that unless he got on he would lose his reputation as a sportsman. We did not do much more that day, though a short spin in the afternoon produced additional "grief."

One incident, being retributive justice, must be recorded. I had noticed a small boy on a pony under the care of his groom, also that the pony was a deal too much for the boy, and sure enough in the afternoon scurry, while we were pounding down a long grass field, I saw the little fellow being run away with, crying like a good one but sticking on well, while the fool of a groom was chaffing him. As they neared the fence the groom fired away for the gate, leaving his little master to his fate. Thinking there might be an accident I managed to stop the pony, but in galloping past the groom's horse I started it off and it made straight over the fence, when from the other side arose a fountain of water—the ill-mannered idiot having landed in a horse-pond. So delighted was the boy that he forgot all his past troubles, and told his bedraggled and duckweedy attendant "he had better go home and put his feet in hot water." I must say I think it served the groom right, and was a very good finale to a day that had turned out "a chapter of accidents."

BAGATELLE.

MR. LOFTUS ARKWRIGHT having resigned the mastership of the Essex Hunt, a triumvirate, consisting of Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, M.P., Mr. Perry-Watlington, and Mr. Arkwright, have undertaken to see that the country is properly hunted till some gentleman is found willing to come forward and take the responsibility upon his own shoulders, an eventuality which is considered not unlikely to happen in the course of a season or two. It has been resolved to present a testimonial to Stephen Dobson, the huntsman, upon his relinquishing the horn after having carried it for ten years. The late master, Mr. Arkwright, for many years generously kept up the sport, although unable to ride to hounds through physical infirmity.

EAU FIGARO.—The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 5s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—ADV'T.

THE ART DECORATION OF THE STAGE.

AT a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, at 9, Conduit-street, Mr. W. J. Allen read a paper on "The Art Decoration of the Stage." The Marquis Townshend presided.

The lecturer, at the beginning, said that the decoration of the stage in the time of Queen Elizabeth was a matter of no importance, and he briefly glanced at its condition from the Globe Theatre of Shakespeare upwards. To the late Madame Vestris he awarded great praise for the wonderful taste and judgment shown in the different plays produced under her management, though he could not help thinking that the great master of poetic fancy, Planché, had a great deal to do with these graceful productions. The revivals presented to the public by Macready were referred to as still vivid in the memories of living playgoers. The scenery supplied by Clarkson, Stanfield, and David Roberts was of an order never seen before. To Macready must be given the praise of having brought forward Stanfield and Roberts, who elevated scene-painting to a fine art, and made it a splendid school for landscape painters. There were still spared some who were not unworthy to be their successors, to wit, such artists as Mr. William Beverley and Mr. William Calcott, whose scenery at the Lyceum, under Madame Celeste, was so remarkable. Again, there was Mr. Hawes Craven, who at the Lyceum was setting an example of true art, which was a great satire on the vulgar realism of some other theatres. Nor could he help referring to the Strand Theatre, where Mr. Hall displayed such striking ability in conveying an impression of atmosphere and space into his work. To the late Mr. Phelps belonged the distinguished honour of proving to narrow-minded prejudice that the stage could be made a great teacher. He thoroughly understood the art decoration of the stage, and his scenery was always perfect as an admirable background to wonderful acting. Referring to Mr. Charles Kean's management at the Princess's Theatre, he said the series of revivals there produced, for magnificence and picturesque effect, had never probably been surpassed. The banquet scene in *Sardanapalus*, the rising of Phœbus in *Winter's Tale*, and Cardinal Wolsey's revels at York Place were the talk of the town. But the art decorations were woefully overdone; in reality the gorgeousness of the frame entirely killed the picture. Yet there was shown in some of the productions a rare appreciation of the true art decoration of the stage. He would urge upon a great many managers that they might at a much less cost than was now incurred attain a much better result, if in every theatre could be obtained an artist—he used the word in its broadest sense—who, having a keen appreciation of art in various phases, and working cordially with the principal performers, could direct the action of the piece completely, so that the grouping be arranged that the stage picture should look unstudied. He paid a high compliment to the revival of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum, as presenting a set of art pictures. The supernumerary system he attacked, and related some stories of "supers' mistakes."

At the close a vote of thanks was awarded to the lecturer, and another to the Marquis Townshend, who had been obliged to leave before the close.

ACCIDENTS IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—Mr. Chas. Simmonds, the well-known horse dealer, of Oxford, met with an accident when out with the Heythrop Hounds last Saturday. His horse came down, owing to being cannoned against, and Mr. Simmonds's right leg was broken.—Dick Stovin, the first whip to the Bicester Hounds, met with a somewhat severe accident on Tuesday last whilst riding to his hounds. Running foul of an unobserved iron fence, he was thrown violently and received severe injuries to his head, besides a serious shaking. He was immediately conveyed home in a trap placed at his disposal by Lord Jersey, and Mr. Croft, of Bicester, was summoned to render surgical assistance.

THE PEDOMOTOR.—A cheap substitute for the bicycle is coming into use in the United States. The "pedomotor," as it is called, is a modification of the parlour skate, with its frame fitted and strapped to the shoe, and four small rubber-tired wooden wheels coming up on either side instead of being kept under the shoe, as in the skate. The two forward wheels being half an inch smaller in diameter than the three-inch rear ones give a slight pitch, which aids the forward impulse, and a metallic wheel at the heel helps the walker to guide and stop himself. The gain in speed is obtained by the forward motion still continuing while the feet are alternately raised, and it is stated that the walker can cover at least double the distance of ordinary striding without any appreciably great effort. Personal rapid transit, or "every man his own motor," is one of the great requirements of the present day, when life is almost too short, lengthened as it has been by sanitary science, to enable human beings to get through all that they have to do in the way of business and society with comfort and satisfaction to themselves and each other. If the "pedomotor" really, as is alleged, meets the necessities for swifter transfer between homes and places of business it may prove a convenience; but if, in addition to bicycles on the carriage-roads, we are to have "pedomotors" on the footways, life will become impossible and unendurable to quiet pedestrians who have no desire to be constantly rushing about, and whose constitutions will not bear the shock of frequent collisions.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MIDLE CELESTE FOSCA, an actress who belonged last year to the Variétés Company, has made a most determined attempt at suicide. She first tried to shoot herself through the heart, but the bullet glided off and passed under her arm without doing her any injury. She then changed the position of the revolver and pulled the barrel with her left hand against her chest while she held the trigger with her right hand. The bullet this time lodged in her left hand. A recent family bereavement is said to have been the cause of the act.

AT the Bow-street Police-court on Saturday, Mr. James Guiver, late treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre, applied for summons against Mr. Charles Lauri, or against the publisher of the *Era* newspaper, on account of a letter written by Mr. Lauri, and alleged to reflect upon the applicant. Mr. Vaughan said the language of the letter was, no doubt, libellous, but, before granting a summons, suggested that an apology should be requested from the writer. Mr. Guiver said he would adopt that course, and renew his application if necessary.

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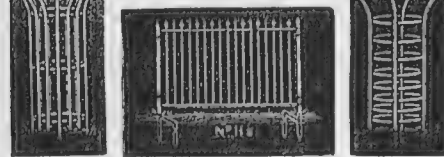
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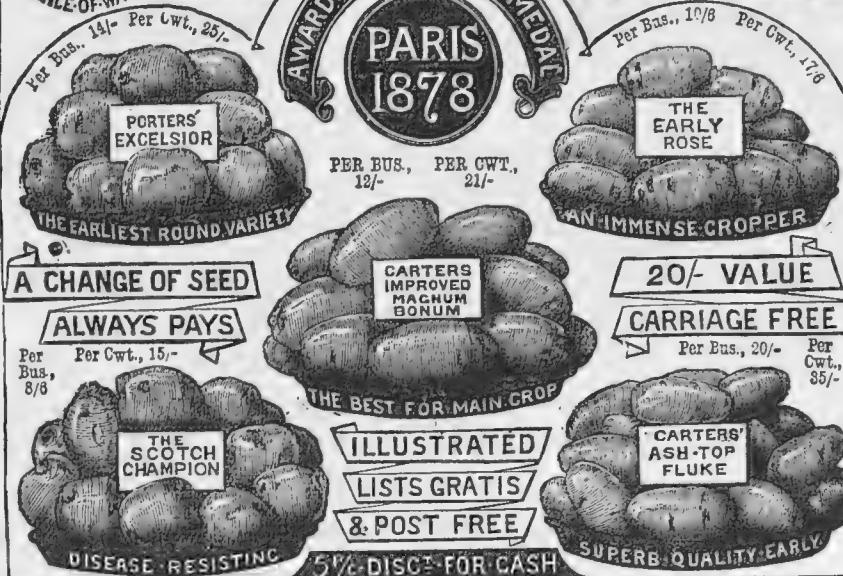
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The KENNETT FARMERS' CUP value 50 sovs. subscribed by Farmers and Tradesmen in the neighbourhood of Kennett, for *bona fide* maiden hunters, the property of Farmers, farming in the Counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Essex or in the County hunted by the Cambridgeshire and Fitzwilliam Foxhounds, four year olds, 11st 3lb, five, 12st 8lb, six and aged, 13st 3lb; if entered to be sold by auction for 15s sovs., allowed 7lb. To be ridden by Farmers or Farmers' Sons, who have never ridden for hire or qualified Gentlemen Riders; three miles. Entrance 1 sov. To close and name by SIX o'clock the evening before running to Mr. W. C. Manning (only), Newmarket.

The GREAT EASTERN WELTER DRAG HUNT CUP of 50 sovs., given by the Chairman of the Directors of the Great Eastern Railway Company, for *bona fide* hunters, which have never won 20 sovs. up to 1st of March, 1879, catch weights above 13st, to be run with hounds over no flagged course, and ridden in hunting costume. No restrictions as to riders; about six miles. Entrance 1 sov., and Post Entries 2 sovs. To close and name by SIX o'clock the Evening before running to Mr. W. C. Manning (only), Newmarket.

MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carts, Harness, &c.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

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The most delicious SAUCE in the World. This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest Viands palatable, and the daintiest Dishes more delicious; and to Chops, Steaks, Fish, Soup, &c., it is incomparable.

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The best, cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, Tic, &c. Restores delicate Individuals to Health and Vigour.

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For Making delicious Custards without eggs in less time and at half the price. Unequalled for the purposes intended. Will give the utmost satisfaction if the instructions given are implicitly followed. The proprietors entertain the greatest confidence in the article, and can recommend it to housekeepers generally as a useful agent in the preparation of a good custard. Give it a trial.

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Shareholders are informed that this Department was OPENED for Business on Monday, the 17th ult.

THE LADIES' DRESS DEPARTMENT

is fast approaching completion, and WILL BE OPENED ON THE 20TH INST.

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In consequence of numerous applications for the privilege of purchasing goods from this Association (which is limited to Shareholders and their families), the Directors have resolved to CONTINUE to ALLOT SHARES for a short time. By securing Shares with the Bonus Privileges explained in the Prospectus, Shareholders will ultimately hold their Shares free of cost.—Applications to be made to the Secretary.

NOTICE.—SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE.—ELKINGTON and Co., Manufacturing Silversmiths and Patentees of the Electro Plate, can at all times provide purchases, with every variety of Table and Decorative Plate, Tea and Coffee Services, Salvers, Cruet Frames, Soup Tureens, &c., &c., in Old English, Early English, Queen Anne, Jacobean, Corinthian, and every style of Art, both in Silver and in Electro Plate. Spoons and Forks of the Old English Rat-Tail Pattern. Drawings and Prices free by post on application.

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SALES BY AUCTION, &c.

CROMARTYSHIRE and ROSS-SHIRE.—The Braelangwell and Ardmeanach Estates.—A valuable Freehold Residential Agricultural and Sporting Property, situated in the famous Black Isle, in the parishes of Rosolis, Rosemarkie, and Cromarty, seven miles from the town of Cromarty, 14 miles from the Ferry across the Cromarty Firth, the town and station of Invergordon on the Highland Railway, 16 miles from Inverness, and easily accessible from Fort George Station across the Moray Firth, comprising 1,930 statute acres, of which 850 acres are productive arable and pasture land, the remainder being thriving fir plantations of about 47 years' growth, yielding a considerable annual revenue by judicious thinning, and over which there is sound sheep run. The commodious stone-built Family Mansion is seated upon a well-chosen site, approached by a carriage drive, with double lodge entrance sheltered by belts of ornamental beech, oak, birch, fir, &c., skirted by Ballycherry Burn, overlooking the Cromarty Firth and commanding views extending to the magnificent range of Ross-shire mountains, including Ben Wyvis. It contains suitable accommodation for a large family, including a fine suite of reception rooms. Two large walled fruit and kitchen gardens, with vinery. At a short distance are Braelangwell Mains, comprising a most substantially built and complete set of farm buildings, with ample stabling and coach-house accommodation for the mansion attached. Also a compact farm residence known as Mill Croft Cottage, with some useful buildings adjoining, and numerous conveniently placed cottages, together with a good bailiiff's residence and farm homestead at Ardmeanach. The property is divided chiefly into two farms, in the occupation of responsible tenants of long standing, upon lease, at moderate rents, producing together £520 per annum; the mansion and lands forming the curtilage thereto being in hand, together with the sole right of sporting, which is of a mixed character, including roe deer, with some excellent sea fishing in the Firth. The society in the neighbourhood is good, and the seats of J. A. Shaw Mackenzie, Esq., H. M. Fowler, Esq., Colonel G. W. M. Ross, and M. G. Munro, Esq., adjoin.

CHINNOCK, GALSWORDY, and CHINNOCK are instructed by the Owner, who is about to return to the Colonies, to SELL by AUCTION, at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, in the City of London, on TUESDAY, April 22nd, at TWO o'clock precisely (unless in the meantime an acceptable offer be made), the above sound FREEHOLD LANDED INVESTMENT. Particulars, with plans, may be obtained of Messrs. Green and Cheese, Solicitors, 2, Warwick-street, Charing-cross, S.W.; of John Taylor, Esq., Cromarty, Factor to the Estate; and of Messrs. Chinnock and Co., Land Agents and Surveyors, No. 11, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

To be LET, completely and elegantly furnished, with immediate possession, for a term as may be arranged, in one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of the county, within three miles of railway stations on the Cheddar Valley, Somerset and Dorset, and East Somerset Railway, a superior FAMILY MANSION, with the shooting, over nearly 1,000 acres, of which 80 acres are woods and plantations, thoroughly preserved at the present time and well stocked with game. The Mansion is replete with every modern convenience, on a gravel soil, in the midst of handsomely timbered grounds, commanding views of great beauty, is approached on either side by carriage drive, an entrance lodge at the west side of the grounds; and comprises on the principal floor entrance hall, dining-room 25ft. 6in. by 18ft. 3in., drawing-room 36ft. by 20ft., library 16ft. 6in. by 10ft. 6in., morning room or study 13ft. 8in. by 13ft., Butler's room, pantry, &c. On the first-floor—boudoir, seven principal bed and drawing-rooms, and bath-room, and eight bedrooms on the attic story. The domestic offices afford every accommodation, and pipes for warming the principal rooms are provided. The kitchen gardens are excellent, and the flower garden and croquet grounds are nicely placed and in first-class order, with gardener's house, vinery, hot-houses, and all necessary forcing pits. Water is supplied to every part of the mansion and grounds. The stabling, coach-houses and offices are conveniently placed, and afford every accommodation. There is a cottage for the coachman near. The church stands within the grounds. Several closes of pasture land can be let with the house if required. The head-keeper and the gardener will be retained and paid by the owner. Further particulars and terms of letting can be obtained on application to Wainwrights and Heard, Surveyors, Shepton Mallet.—Dated February, 1879.

SOUTH WALES (Brecknockshire).—To be LET, for such period as may be agreed on, with immediate possession, a Furnished Residence, TREHOLFOED, with gardens, pleasure grounds, shrubberies, &c., and about 15 acres of meadow land adjoining. The locality and position are picturesque, soil very dry and healthy, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country, overlooking Llan-gorse Lake, where there is good fishing and wildfowl shooting, close to the church, within 3 miles of Talyllyn and Talyllyn stations on the Brecon and Merthyr Railway, seven miles from the market town of Brecon, same distance from Crickhowell and Talgarth. Post delivered daily. The house contains entrance hall, dining room, drawing room, library, six best bed rooms and dressing rooms, three second bed rooms, and four-stall stable, brewhouse, and other outbuildings.—Apply to Capt. Travers, Cathedine Hill, Bwlch, R.S.O., Brecknockshire.

FISHING IN IRELAND.—BALLINAHINCH FISHERY HOTEL, Glendalough, via Galway. Gentlemen staying at the above Hotel can fish on all the waters on the following terms: 10s. per day, £20s. per week, or £8 per month.—Apply to T. MULLARKEY, Glendalough Hotel, via Galway.

SHOOTING AND RESIDENCE to LET of a manor of 5000 acres in Yorks, with Furnished Residence thereon, 3000 acres being moor, the rest covert and partridge.—Address "Y. Z.", care of Messrs. Dawson and Sons, 121, Cannon-street, E.C.

FOR SALE, HAZELWELL'S ES-TATE, Highley, Salop, Freehold, 209a, 1r. 37p., with minerals; stone-built mansion; near railway.—Plan and particulars from Mr. Trow, Solicitor, Cleobury Mortimer.

SHOOTING, 2000 Acres, Salmon and Trout Fishing, and Hunting.—To be LET, for summer months or longer, excellent Furnished HOUSE; thirteen bed-rooms, four reception rooms; air bracing, station near, country pretty.—Address "M. P.", 72, Ebury-street, London.

MONK SHERBORNE, Basingstoke. To LET, a HOUSE containing two reception rooms and seven bed-rooms, together with three stall stable and coach house, outbuildings, 6 acres of meadow land and garden; also a good cottage adjoining.—Apply to Messrs. Lamb and Brooks, Solicitors, Basingstoke.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. COCOA. JAMES EPPS AND CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

Printed for the Proprietor by JAMES and GEORGE JUDD, at the Office of Messrs. JUDD & Co., 4, 5, and 6, St. Andrew's-hill, Doctors' Commons, in the Parish of St. Ann, in the City of London, and published by GEORGE MADDICK, Jun., at 148, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, London.—SATURDAY, March 15, 1879.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

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With Instructions and Apparatus for performing Ten capital Conjuring Tricks. Sufficient for one hour's amusement. Post free for 14 stamps.

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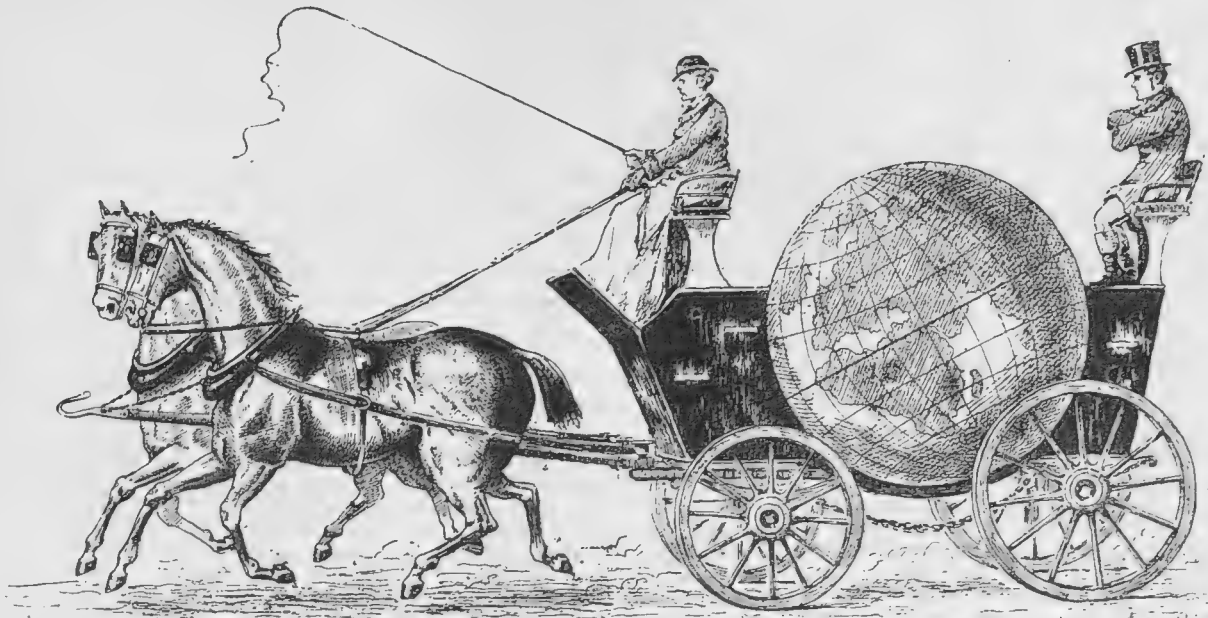
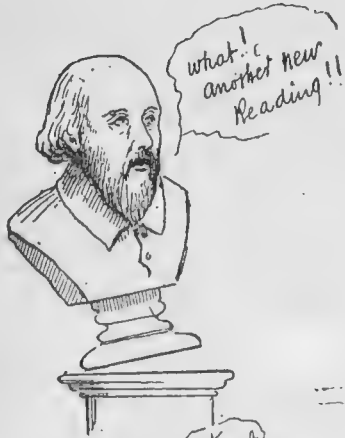
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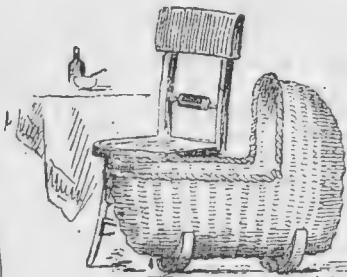
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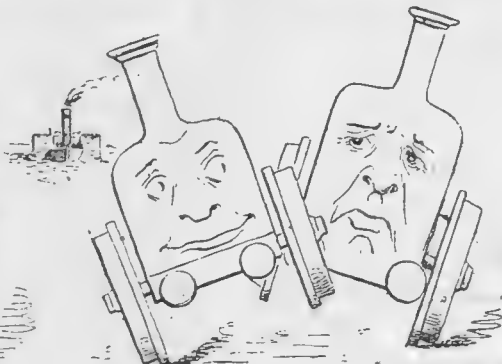
Post free for one stamp.



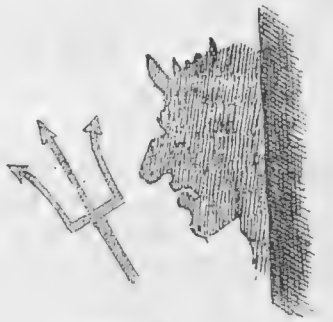
The Prologue



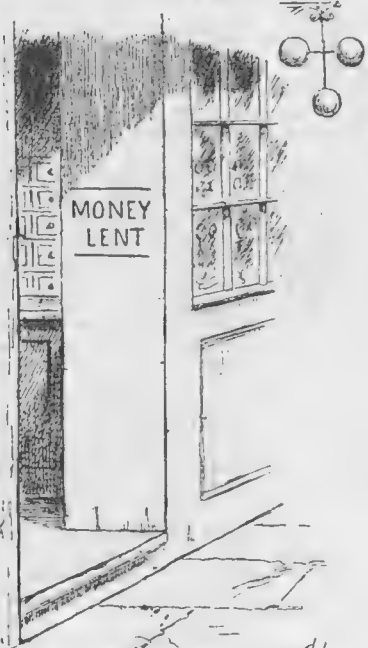
First appearance on my Stage.



The Scene Shifters



The Prompter



The property Man, and Wardrobe Keeper



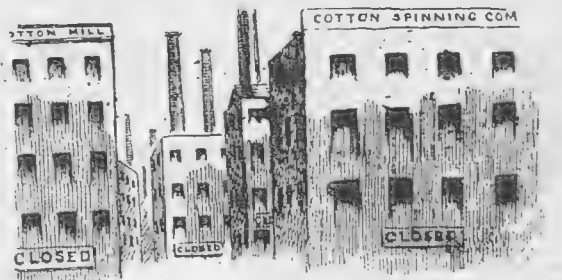
The Call Boy



The Sole Responsible Manager



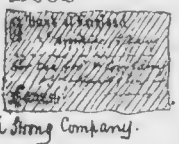
Farce



Tragedy—



Doubling the Part



First Walking Gentleman

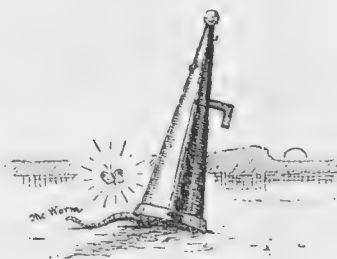


Sky Boarders



The Epilogue

J.W. Coulbery Invent.



Curtains falls.



Called before the Curtain

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editoria Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is so rapidly increasing its foreign and colonial circulation that its managers consider it their duty to cater more specially for their wishes in conjunction with those of home readers. With this end in view, we shall be glad to receive sketches or photographs of events having sufficient importance occurring in any of those countries in which this paper now circulates. A Special Edition is printed on thin paper, and forwarded post free to any part of the world, at the rate of £1 9s. 2d. per annum, payable in advance. The yearly subscription for the ordinary thick paper edition is £1 13s. 6d.

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PRIZE MEDAL, Great Exhibition, London, 1851.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

F. CHAPMAN.—The story of the Chandos portrait of Shakspeare carries it back to his god-son, Sir William Davenant, from whom it passed to John Owen, the deceased poet's chief creditor, at whose death it was secured by the great actor, Betterton, who was a great collector of theatrical portraits. After the death of Betterton his collection of pictures and engravings was sold to a printseller named Bulfinch. From him the Chandos portrait passed into the hands of Mr. Sikes, who gave forty guineas for it. From him it passed into the hands of Mr. Nicol, of Colney Hatch, Middlesex, the husband of Mr. Sikes's heiress. The Duke of Chandos afterwards married Mr. Nicol's daughter, and with her obtained the portrait. Since then it has passed into the possession of several noblemen.

M. C.—Nothing whatever. The title, "Westward Ho!" was derived from the old cry of the Thames watermen, who, when plying for hire, used to cry "Eastward Ho!" or "Westward Ho!" as the case might be. The river was then the great medium for travelling, and the watermen being very numerous their cries were well known to all who visited the City.

VOLVO.—Furlesque comes to us from Italy.

F. W.—The House on the Bridge of Notre Dame was translated from the French of MM. T. Barriere and H. de Kock, by Mr. Rophino Lacy, and produced at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday, February 11th, 1861. Madame Celeste played Zamboro and Ernest de la Garde.

E. E.—Miss Lydia Foote is a niece of the popular actress, Mrs. Keeley.

G. M.—Glancea was played by Miss Virginia Francis, whose real name is Bateman. Hence the blunder.

E. RAB.—It was Miss O'Neil who, when playing Isabella at Covent Garden Theatre, identified herself so completely with the character that in the middle of the second act her overwrought feelings produced a fainting fit, which so affected her that she was unable to re-appear that evening. Consequently Mrs. Faucit was announced to read the part for her. The audience, however, became riotous, and refused to hear her, calling for the pantomime, which was accordingly commenced.

J. F.—Mrs. Alsopp was Mrs. Jordan's daughter. She made her first appearance on the stage in the October of 1815.

SAM WOOD.—Francis Joseph Talma, the Garrick of France, died in 1826.

CHARLES S.—Mr. Clement Scott's successor on the Observer, as dramatic critic, was Mr. Joseph Hutton, a post which he held at the date you mention.

SPORTING.

C. D. H.—We can find no trace of any such mare in the "Stud Book;" nor would such a masculine appellation be likely ever to have been conferred.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. U. C.—If there were no alehouses then how is it that we find licences for keeping such houses mentioned in the laws of Ina, King of Wessex?

M. P.—The Turks did not adopt the crescent until after the conquest of Constantinople, of which the crescent was then the symbol. Philip, father of Alexander the Great, when he besieged Constantinople (then called Byzantium), availing himself of a very dark night, was secretly marching to undermine its walls, when the moon shining out suddenly revealed his troops to the sentinels on the walls, who gave an alarm which saved the city. In gratitude for their deliverance the Byzantines erected a statue to Diana, and adopted her symbol—the crescent—as that of their city.

Z.—Mere humbug and nonsense. Many of the greatest nobles of our day trace their family origin back to great English traders and merchants; comparatively few to warriors and foreign invaders.

JOSSEPHUS.—Fenchurch-street derives its name from its marshy situation. It was anciently called Fenny-a-bout.

A. TAILOR.—"Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

C. L.—Gin was originally known as Geneva, in consequence of its having been first made there, and its present is simply a corruption of its original name.

J. A. H.—The lines were pronounced impromptu by Lord Erskine, and run as follows:—

"The sergeants are a grateful race,
And all their actions show it;
Their purple garments come from Tyre,
Their arguments go to it."

J. F. M. P., (Leeds).—Many thanks for your acrostic, which, however, we could not use because another with special claims had already been accepted.

C. A. F.—You have made a mistake which has often been made before. "Meditations amongst the Tombs" was written by the Rev. James Hervey, Rector of Weston Favell. Doctor James Hervey was his nephew, a Registrar of the College of Physicians, and the inventor of a still famous sauce. There is a smart epigram on these Herveys, which is generally attributed to the licenser of plays who thought oratorios impious, and the word angel in a play blasphemous, George Colman, jun. It runs:—

Two Herveys had a mutual wish
To please in separate stations;
The one invented sauce for fish,
The other "Meditations."
Each had his pungent power applied
To aid the dead and dying—
This, relishes a sole wh-n fried;
That, saves a soul from frying.

F. BASEDON.—At the commencement of the French war in 1793 the National Debt amounted to £239,350,218, and the annual charge was £9,312,680; during the war the additions made were £651,500,343, and the annual charge was £22,704,311.

A SAILOR.—Lord Cochrane escaped from the King's Bench Prison, and appeared in his seat in the Lobby of the House of Commons, to the intense astonishment of all present, on March 20th, 1816. He had been found guilty of fraud, and condemned to fine or imprisonment, and also to stand in the pillory. The latter punishment was however remitted. He afterwards paid the fine under protest, asserting in a statement written on the back of the bank-note with which he paid it, that to escape being murdered by confinement he submitted to robbery, and that he did so that he might live to prove his innocence and bring the real delinquents to justice. He became Earl of Dundonald in 1811. His innocence was generally believed, and in 1812 a full "pardon" was granted to him, his name was replaced on the Navy List, and he was created an Admiral. He died on October 30th, 1860, in his eighty-fifth year.

J. F.—1. The works of the Gas Company in Dorset-street were destroyed by fire on May 24th, 1815. 2. See dramatic replies. 3. At the Brewery of Henry Meux on the 17th of October, 1814, when two large vats suddenly bursting deluged the neighbourhood and destroyed several houses.

W. W. W.—Snow fell here for eleven successive days in 1762.

MISS SALAMAN.—Your better plan will be to write direct to the theatre.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

THE SELECTION OF BROOD MARES.—No. III.

THE "Druid," in his pleasing and graphic sketch of Middle Park, under the title of the "Monster Stud Farm," has dwelt with loving emphasis upon the description of the elder Mr. Blenkiron and his first brood mare, the corner-stone of that gigantic and priceless collection which numbered well-nigh two hundred at the date of its dispersion in 1872. Probably many more owners of breeding studs, large and small, have experienced feelings similar to those of the founder of Middle Park upon the occasion of first finding themselves the possessors of a matron of blue blood, having her name and lineage duly inscribed in Messrs. Weatherby's turf "Peerage," and perchance with her bright achievements recorded in the "law-calf" of Burlington-street. We have said that chance not infrequently guides a man's thoughts in the direction of breeding by making him the owner of a thoroughbred mare, which he "picks up" by accident, or gets "put upon him" by one of those turns in the wheel of fortune which there is no accounting for. We may be sure that he will not be long before casting about to find something to keep her company, when the serious business of selection will begin, as it must likewise do with the individual who "in cold blood" hatches a scheme having for its object the formation of a stud. Much, of course, will depend upon the "times" in which his lot is cast, whether mares are to be had in open market, and whether at a cheap or dear rate; but we may safely assert that the largest crop of breeders invariably springs up at an epoch when prices are ruling high in the yearling market, and when a wealthy contingent of golden youth of the period have set their affections upon the turf and its inducements to try their fortunes thereon. No worse opportunity than this for getting together a few good class mares as a beginning could possibly be chosen, for old and experienced breeders will not be likely to part with anything worth having while they are reaping a golden harvest; though they may be clever enough to take advantage of the rush for mares of all descriptions to let a few of their worthless ones go at stiff prices. It is, in fact, a golden opportunity for getting quit of hopeless "barreners," shy breeders, bad mothers, slippers of foals, and other undesirable characters in yard or paddock, many of which will be as good-looking as a man can desire, and their owners will of course maintain a discreet silence as to their peccadilloes. Therefore caveat emptor should be the motto of embryo breeders, but most of these are far too eager to commence operations to wait for a better chance of forming their collections, and "go in for" anything which may read fairly well in the catalogues or pass muster in a box or paddock. We are far from thinking, however, that for a beginner a judicious purchase in public at a long price is altogether a bad thing, seeing that it brings him into a sort of notoriety at once, and the produce of one of the crack mares of the Stud Book in his first yearling lot will help to sell the rest, if things go well and are properly managed. Opportunities for securing these eligible matrons do occasionally arise (for few years pass without the bona fide dispersion of some important collection), but they are not common, and great caution must be exercised in doing business at sales apparently genuine and without reserve, but in reality only "weeds out," when prices are fictitiously forced up, and when the so-called bona fide purchasers of the best lots are good enough to re-sell, or return, or release to the sender, or to "leave on his hands" the animals he wishes to retain. Would-be purchasers can never be safe against such "plants," in which the most highly respectable firms of auctioneers have no finger or influence save as the innocent agents of their employers, and it is most difficult to steer clear of mistakes in dealing with matters so much in the dark. Bargains may be, and doubtless are, often secured by some happy chance at "sells" of this description, but the really cautious will do well to hold aloof, or he may be saddled with some of the "white elephants" with which the catalogues so frequently abound, and to which we have made allusion above, as "undesirable" occupants of the stud farm. Sales by auction will, however, have to be resorted to in addition to other sources hereafter to be named, and the would-be breeder must keep his eyes open, and make up his mind to attend those at which anything likely to suit him may have found its way into the catalogue. In this way a certain amount of experience is bound to be gained, as well as intercourse with others in the same line of business; but it will not do for one bent on securing the most eligible mares to despise those which frequently come up for sale as "odd lots," and whether at Tattersall's or at sales in the provinces. We have seen many an eligible matron picked up in this fashion, and mostly at very reasonable prices; whereas a lot or a draft sent up for sale frequently command better figures than they are really worth, owing to competition in which rival breeders do not like to be beaten, and are often found fighting keenly over some not very eligible addition to their haras. There are many bargains to be picked up on the quiet by moderately good judges, who decline to be led into bidding for mares purposely made

up for sale, but keep an eye open for those diamonds in the rough, often as unkempt as a wild goat, and as poor as a church mouse, but with good blood in their veins, which the mere superficial collector will not have at any price, though he would fail to know the same animal again after a few months' generous treatment in good hands. All these desirable acquisitions come by waiting, and this we judge to be the proper place to enlarge upon our previous observations, and to deprecate the undue haste which characterises the action of nine beginners out of ten in forming the nucleus of a stud. The novice not only covets every mare he sees, but buys all he can lay hands on, falling into numerous clever little traps set for the unwary by the many ever on the look out for them, until he finds himself encumbered with a lot of second and third raters which will not pay for keeping. Every lot, however indifferent, has some recommendation in the "griffin's" eyes, and he deems that he can succeed where others have failed, infatuated by the apparent "bargains" he is constantly securing, and lending a too credulous ear to the inventions of grooms and helpers, the assurances of owners, and the whispers of not disinterested friends. Experience comes at last, it is true, but it has been dearly purchased, and its purchaser has to begin almost *de novo*, and finds endless difficulties in getting rid, at any sort of price, of the wretches which he was at first so eager to snap up. Occasionally we see an attempt made to carry such absurdities still further, and to utilise the inferior material collected in this hurried fashion, but the results are generally such as to prove that purchasers of yearling stock do not endorse the opinions of their breeders, when they see a string of spindlings, cripples, and three-cornered wretches sent out of the ring one after the other without a bid. Such sights are happily of infrequent occurrence, but we have witnessed more than one, and it is almost needless to add that the perpetrator of such folly usually throws up his hand in disgust and quits for ever the noble army of breeders. Possibly but few enter into the pursuit fully fledged with the knowledge necessary to their business, and most make frequent mistakes at starting, but the *cacoethes acquirendi* is generally too strong to be resisted, and against this beginners should be earnestly warned to strive. In fact, *festina lente* should be their motto, for after the temptation of buying everything right and left has been resisted, all their judgment will be required in making choice of profitable mares, a subject of which we hope to resume the consideration in our next article.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

A DRAMATIC STORY

Adapted expressly for this paper.

By HOWARD PAUL.

CHAPTER XV. (Continued.)

At last she was entirely without money. In July her rent had cost her a hundred francs, and she had been compelled to buy a dress. In August her resources were at an end. She had still a brooch and her cashmere to sell, but she did not know how to find a purchaser.

All the stories by which Madame Fanta had tried to frighten her from going herself to the pawnbroker's came back to her mind, and she saw herself, at the first attempt, arrested by the police and carried back to her enemies. After long hesitation, she slipped out one evening at dusk to look for one of those dark little shops which the police always suspect. She found one, where an old woman, evidently taking her for a thief, gave her a hundred francs for her brooch, without even asking her name.

But what was this money? A *bagatelle*! Gabrielle understood that perfectly. Hence, overcoming her timidity and reluctance, she vowed she would endeavour to obtain work.

She kept her word. She went from door to door soliciting employment, promising to do anything in return for her board and lodging. But her refined appearance, her very manner of speaking, were obstacles in her way. Who would engage a girl as a servant who looked a thorough aristocrat? She was refused everywhere.

Then she went to an agency office, attracted by a huge *affiche* offering places from thirty-five up to a thousand francs a month. A very loquacious gentleman made her first deposit ten francs, and then told her he had exactly what she wanted. She went many times, but always in vain.

This was Gabrielle's last effort. For ten months she had struggled with helpless fury against insurmountable difficulties, and now, crushed in body and mind, she at length succumbed.

It lacked still eighteen months before she would come of age. Since she had left her father's house she had not received a line from Paul, although she had constantly written to him. Once she had summoned courage to enquire at the offices for news of the "St. Eustache," but the reply was that it was not expected for a year or two.

Why maintain the useless struggle? She felt in a stupor, her mind filled with morbid visions. Life seemed to be leaving her.

"If I could only die!" she thought.

This was the last favour she asked of God. Henceforth a miracle alone could save her, and she hardly wished to be saved. She thought she had exhausted every form of suffering, and that there was nothing left for her to fear. She did not even trouble herself about the rent, which became due in October. But to her great surprise, Madame Fanta did not scold her for not having the money ready, and even promised she would wait. This inexplicable forbearance gave Gabrielle a week's respite. But one morning she woke, having not a sous left, having nothing even to turn into money.

"Well," she thought, with a chill at her heart, "all I need now is courage."

She felt as if the executioner were at the door, ready to announce her sentence. And yet she had long contemplated suicide; and even thought of it with a species of morbid delight.

"Am I a coward?" she said.

Alas! she was so young, life was strong within her; she longed to live,—a month longer, a week, a day!

Examining with haggard eyes her chamber, she saw the embroidery she had commenced. It was a dress worked in exquisite designs, but unfinished.

"Never mind!" she said to herself, "perhaps they will give me something for it."

Wrapping it up hastily, she hurried to offer it to the old woman who had already bought her brooch and watch. The old hag was astonished when she saw this marvel of skill.

"It's splendid," she said, "and if it were finished it would be worth a mint of money; but as it is, no one would want it."

She consented, however, to give twenty francs for it, solely from

love of art, she protested, for it was money thrown away. These twenty francs were an unexpected release for Gabrielle.

"It will last me a month," she thought, determined to live on dry bread only; "and who can tell what a month may bring forth?"

And this unhappy girl had an inheritance from her mother of more than a million! If she had only had one friend to advise her! But she had been faithful to her vow never to let her secret be known, and all her anguish had never extorted from her a single complaint.

M. Noriac knew this, for he had continued his weekly visits with implacable regularity.

This perseverance, which had at first served to maintain Gabrielle's courage, had now become a torture. "I shall be avenged!" she said to him one day. "Paul will return."

But he shrugged his shoulders, and answered—

"If you count upon that alone, you may as well surrender, and become my wife at once."

Rather the icy arms of Death! And the pulsations of her heart were counted. Since the end of November her twenty francs had been exhausted, and to prolong her existence she had to resort to the last expedients of desperate poverty. All that she possessed she had sold, piece by piece. Her linen had been sacrificed first, then the covering of her bed, her curtains, her sheets. Thus, on Christmas Day, she stood in a chamber as utterly denuded as if a fire had raged there; while she herself had but a single petticoat under her thin alpaca dress, without a rag to cover herself in these wintry nights. Two evenings before, when terror had triumphed over her resolution for a time, she had written a letter to her father. No reply came. Last night she had again written in these words:—

"I am starving. If by to-morrow noon you do not come to my aid, at one o'clock you will have ceased to have a daughter."

Tortured by cold and hunger, emaciated and almost dying, she waited for an answer. Noon came, and no reply; she gave herself till four o'clock, and then moaned—

"I must die."

Her preparations had been made. She had told the Fantas that she would be out all the evening; and she had procured some charcoal. She wrote two letters—one to her father, the other to M. Noriac.

Then she closed all the openings in her room, kindled two small fires, and, having commended her soul to God, stretched herself out on her bed. It was five o'clock. A cruel crawling vapour spread slowly through the room, and the candle became dimmed. She felt as if an iron band were tightening round her temples. She was suffocating. Strange and incoherent thoughts arose deliriously in her head; her ears were filled with confused noises; her pulse beat swiftly, and from time to time she was shaken by painful convulsions. The candle went out. She tried to rise, but she could not. She wanted to cry, but her voice ended in a rattle in her throat. Then her ideas became utterly incoherent. Respiration ceased, and she suffered no longer.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FEW minutes longer and all would have been over. Count Saint-Roch's daughter was dying! But at that very hour the tenant of the fourth story, Papa Grassot, was going to his dinner. If he had gone down by the front staircase, no sound would have reached him; but Providence interposed and he saved the dying girl.

When Gabrielle opened her eyes, her first sensation was surprise. Had her father at last come to her assistance? No, for he would have been there, and she looked in vain for him among all the strange faces around her. Then, understanding from some words which were spoken that it was to accident alone she owed her rescue from death, she was filled with grief.

"To have suffered the anguish of dying," she thought, "and then to be defeated."

She almost hated the people who were busying themselves about her. They brought her back to life; would they enable her to live?

"You see, I did not dream of any such thing," Fanta whined, "I thought she might be a little embarrassed, but never suspected such misery. She was as proud as a princess, ladies, and would rather have died than ask for assistance; for she knew she need only say one word to me."

And she bent over the girl as though to kiss her forehead, but Gabrielle shivered and shrank with horror from contact with her lying lips. The emotion which this feeling caused her revived her more than all the attentions that were paid her. But it was only after the doctor had been that she was restored to the full use of her faculties. Then, in a weak voice, she thanked the people around her for their care, and assured them that she felt much better. Accordingly they all left, with the exception of Madame Fanta, who changed her tone when she was alone with her victim.

"Well," she commenced, "I hope you're satisfied! You have given my house a bad name. And after that M. Eugène had done all he could to save you. Only the day before yesterday he offered you his whole fortune. It was hardly worth while to refuse him, if you meant to accept that old miser!" Gabrielle strove to raise herself on the pillows, and asked,—

"What do you mean?"

As Papa Grassot had withdrawn when Gabrielle opened her eyes, she had not seen the man who had saved her life; and did not understand Madame Fanta's allusions.

"Why," replied the old woman, "the man who has saved you, and brought you all these comforts, is the second-hand dealer from the fourth floor. And he won't do all that for nothing!"

And with this final shot, Madame Fanta departed, and Gabrielle was once more plunged into an abyss of profound despair.

"Is the generous assistance of this man a new snare?" she asked herself.

With her eyes streaming with tears, she endeavoured to collect her thoughts, when a cough aroused her from her meditations. She raised her head, and saw at the open door a man of mature age looking kindly at her. It was Papa Grassot, come to enquire after his patient. She guessed it was he, and thanked him for his readiness to help her, and his generosity in providing for her wants. Then he began to tell her that what he had done was nothing to what he meant to do. But the more earnest the good man grew in his protestations, the more reserved Gabrielle became, her mind being filled with the prejudices instilled by Madame Fanta. Nevertheless, he almost conquered her when he returned the letters she had written before making her preparations for death, and after half an hour he obtained from the poor girl the promise that she would not renew the attempt on her life, and that she would explain to him how she had been reduced to such suffering.

Gabrielle came to this conclusion: "If Papa Grassot were as black as Madame Fanta paints him, she would not have warned me; no doubt she has her reasons for preventing my acceptance of his help. I will tell him all."

Next morning Papa Grassot reappeared in her room and she gave him the history of her life. Strangely enough, the old man seemed to be perfectly familiar with the people whose intrigues

Gabrielle was narrating, and when she had finished, he exclaimed,—

"I have them now, the wretches!" and, overcome by excitement, he sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. Gabrielle was puzzled: she saw clearly that her enemies had at some time come in contact with Papa Grassot, and that he hated them mortally. Evidently he was not what he seemed to be.

"Providence has spoken!" he cried with a fierce joy. "M. Noriac believed that in this house the secret of his crime would be safe; and, by a miracle, you and I have been brought together, and our meeting ruins him! For he was triumphing last night. Madame Fanta was his confederate, and had doubtless said to him, 'At last we shall be rid of her.'"

Gabrielle shuddered.

"You do not know your enemies yet," continued Papa Grassot; "but I know them, and I must ask you to trust me blindly."

"I will."

"It is most important that M. Noriac should lose every trace of you. You must leave this house. As soon as I am gone, that woman will come up burning with curiosity. You must be very angry with me."

"I will try," said Gabrielle, blushing.

"You dislike telling a falsehood? But we must fight the enemy with his own weapons. The rest will be easy. When it is dark, dress and wait until the *concierge* is occupied lighting the gas. When he is on the great staircase, come down. I will take care that Madame Fanta is out of the way. Once in the street, turn to the right. At the corner a cab will be standing, with a plaid handkerchief like this hanging out of window. Get into it boldly; I shall be inside."

She bowed assent.

"I must not stay longer or we shall be suspected. Do you feel strong enough for the attempt?"

"You may rely on me."

Everything passed off as the old dealer had arranged, and Gabrielle played her part so well that when her disappearance was discovered, Madame Fanta was not much surprised.

"She was tired of life, poor wretch!" she said to her husband; we shall see her again at the Morgue. As the charcoal did not do the work, she has tried the water."

CHAPTER XVII.

GABRIELLE left the house as she had been instructed, and found the carriage waiting at the spot Papa Grassot had appointed. He kindly welcomed the frightened girl, speaking to her in kindly accents, which speedily restored her confidence; and before very long the carriage stopped at a little house, into which Papa Grassot led Gabrielle. The room into which they entered, though devoid of handsome furniture or appointments, was scrupulously neat and tastefully arranged: evidently some refined hand superintended the establishment.

An elderly lady of gentle and even aristocratic appearance was seated by the table engaged upon some embroidery, and she at once rose and kindly extended her hand to Gabrielle. It was Madame Duval, Papa Grassot's sister.

"This is the young lady of whom I told you, sister," he said. "I have begged her to look on us as her friends, and upon our house as her home."

"How can I thank you for your great kindness to a poor, friendless girl?" Gabrielle asked, tears of gratitude starting to her eyes.

"Do not thank us, mademoiselle," the old man answered. "It is our duty and our pleasure to assist the unfortunate; and, besides, by our united action alone can we free the innocent and punish the guilty."

"I do not understand," Gabrielle cried an expression of wonder and interest stealing over her pallid features.

"In good time, mademoiselle, you shall know all. Much—everything—depends upon your assistance. Meantime be tranquil and contented here. It shall be our care to make you so."

Thereupon he bowed to Gabrielle and departed, merely saying, "To-morrow we will consult together."

When Gabrielle retired for the night she could not help pondering over the mystery in the life of this brother and sister, evidently connected with her own past; but fatigue soon ended her meditations, and, for the first time in two years, she fell asleep with a sense of perfect security.

When she awoke, it was broad daylight, and Madame Duval was standing at the foot of her bed, like a good genius who had been watching over her slumbers. They spent the day making a dress for Gabrielle in place of her worn-out alpaca, and just as they were lighting the lamp, Papa Grassot appeared.

"I am so tired," he said, sinking into an arm-chair.

"Have you seen my father?" Gabrielle asked.

"No, mademoiselle. A week ago Count Saint-Roch sold his hotel, and now lives with his wife, Sir Peabody, and Mrs. Thorpe, above the offices of the Pennsylvania Petroleum Company. He is ruined."

"My father ruined!" she repeated, as if unable to realise how her sad presentiments had been fulfilled. "Six millions swallowed up in twelve months! You must be mistaken!"

"Alas! mademoiselle," replied the old man, "two facts are certain. The Count is penniless, and the shares of the company of which he is chairman have fallen to next to nothing."

He glanced at her anxiously, and added in a low tone,—

"Because it is believed that the company's capital has been appropriated to other purposes, and lost in speculations on the Bourse!"

"Then they accuse my father," cried Gabrielle bitterly. "Why should he gamble with other people's money? To win more for himself?"

"You forget, mademoiselle," answered Papa Grassot, "your father is no longer his own master. Zita and Sir Peabody have no doubt deceived him, cheated him, and driven him to the verge of bankruptcy."

Gabrielle shook her head.

"You are wrong," she said. "The Countess did not like the company. Besides, ruining my father was ruining herself."

"Listen to me, mademoiselle. That the capital of the Pennsylvania Petroleum Company has been lost by speculations is the report on the Bourse—in the newspapers; but I do not believe it. Your father does not know how it has disappeared; but ask Zita Denman, ask M. Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe, search Eugène Noriac, their wretched tool! They have stolen the money, and have chosen your father for the scapegoat!"

The poor girl looked at him bewildered.

"But Zita, the Countess, she will never allow my father's name to be thus dishonoured,—the name she bears, and of which she is so proud?"

The old man hesitated as if reluctant to inflict another blow upon her. His sister answered for him.

"She will, my poor child; because now she has got possession of the fortune she wanted, the Count is in her way, because she wants to be free."

Gabrielle uttered a cry of horror, which showed she had not misunderstood the portentous meaning of the word "free."

"You must at last learn to know, mademoiselle," continued Papa Grassot, "this execrable woman who has sworn to ruin you. I have proof of what crimes she is capable; she possesses the

instinct of a murderess! This was her plan," he continued excitedly: "you stood between her and the Saint-Roch fortune, therefore she attacked you the first. M. Paul de Najac loved you and would have defended you, therefore she got him out of the way. She calumniated you, to deprive you of the sympathy of society, and placed by your side her wretched tool, Eugène Noriac."

The old dealer smiled almost contemptuously.

"What does that prove?" he said. "Only that M. Noriac was skilful in carrying out Zita's orders. To obtain the mastery over you, he began by getting the mastery over M. de Najac. Through Eugène, Zita was informed of all your thoughts, intercepted all your letters to your betrothed that you did not post yourself, and doubtless suppressed his. Still, as long as you remained under your father's roof, she could do nothing against your life, and M. Peabody's persecution was used to force you to fly. Your enemies knew that you would never be faithful to M. de Najac. They chose the house in which you were to die of hunger and misery, and instructed Eugène Noriac to add the horror of his addresses to your isolation and distress. Finally you were driven to suicide; and doubtless, that very morning, the woman Fanta, their accomplice, had told them, 'She'll do it to-night!'"

White as marble, with her eyes dilated, Gabrielle listened.

"Yes, she said, breathlessly, 'I see it all.'"

Then as M. Grassot paused a moment, hoarse with indignation, she asked,—

"But one circumstance I cannot understand. Zita said that she knew nothing of the forged letter by means of which Paul was sent abroad. She told me she wished to keep him here, because they loved each other."

"I do not believe it. Yet it might be a new device. Unless—but no! that would be too lucky, unless Zita really is in love with M. de Najac!" And as if he dared not hope too much, he added, "Let us return to facts. When Zita had got rid of you, she turned her attention to your father. While they were slowly killing you, she abused the Count's blind infatuation to lead him into a path where his honour must be lost. She knew that Count Saint-Roch would not survive a strain upon his name, so they dared all, thinking that he would carry the secret of their wickedness to the grave."

Starting up with flushed cheeks and burning eyes, Gabrielle rushed to the door, crying,—

"What, you knew all this, and did not warn my father? Let me go!" she went on, as Madame Duval took her hand and strove to detain her, "Let me go, and save my father from death!"

But Papa Grassot gently held her back, and said solemnly,—

"Mademoiselle, I swear to you that your father's life is not in danger."

She struggled no more, but her face betrayed her intense anxiety. The old man continued,—

"Do you wish to warn our enemies and deprive us of our revenge? Such imprudence would defeat our plans but would not save your father. Do you think he would believe you against his adored Zita? No! rely on me. I have as much reason to hate Zita Denman as you have. For years I have been watching, thirsting, for vengeance. I know much of her career; and yet in her whole life, a life of unparalleled wickedness, I have not, until now, found one fact which would bring her within reach of the law, so cunning has she been."

His face brightened with triumph, and his voice rose as he added,—

"This time success seemed so sure that she has neglected her usual precautions. Eager to enjoy her millions and weary of playing a comedy of love, she has been too rash. As to your father, I feel safe about him. According to your mother's marriage settlement, and in consequence of a bequest of a million and a half, which was left her by an uncle, your father's estate owes you two millions, which he cannot touch even if he is bankrupt. Should he die before you, that sum remains yours; but if you die before him, it goes to him. Now Zita has sworn, in her insatiable cupidity, that she will have these two millions also."

"Ah," said Gabrielle, "you are right! It is Zita's interest that my father should live, as long as she does not know what has become of me."

"And she must not know that for some time," chimed in the old man. "You ought to see the anxiety of your enemies since you have slipped out of their hands. Madame Fanta concluded last night that you had gone for ever, but this morning Eugène Noriac has been there, reproaching her for her want of vigilance, and rushing backwards and forwards between the police-station and the Morgue. They do not suspect that I had anything to do with the affair."

A hopeful smile appeared on Gabrielle's face, when, about midnight, Papa Grassot took his leave with these words,—

"To-morrow evening I shall have news. I am going to enquire for the 'Saint Eustache.'"

The next day he reappeared at six o'clock, carrying a carpet-bag, and betraying great excitement.

"Money!" he cried out to his sister as he entered, "I fear I have not enough; make haste, I must be at the Lyons Railway by seven."

His sister and Gabrielle alarmed, asked him,—

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing," he replied joyously. "But I have heard that though the 'Saint Eustache' remains another year in Cochin China, M. de Najac is coming back to Europe. The vessel in which he is returning is expected at Marseilles every day, and I must go, for I must see M. de Najac before anybody else."

When his sister had given him the notes he required, he rushed out exclaiming,—

"To-morrow I will send you a telegram!"

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 258, Jan. 4, 1879.)

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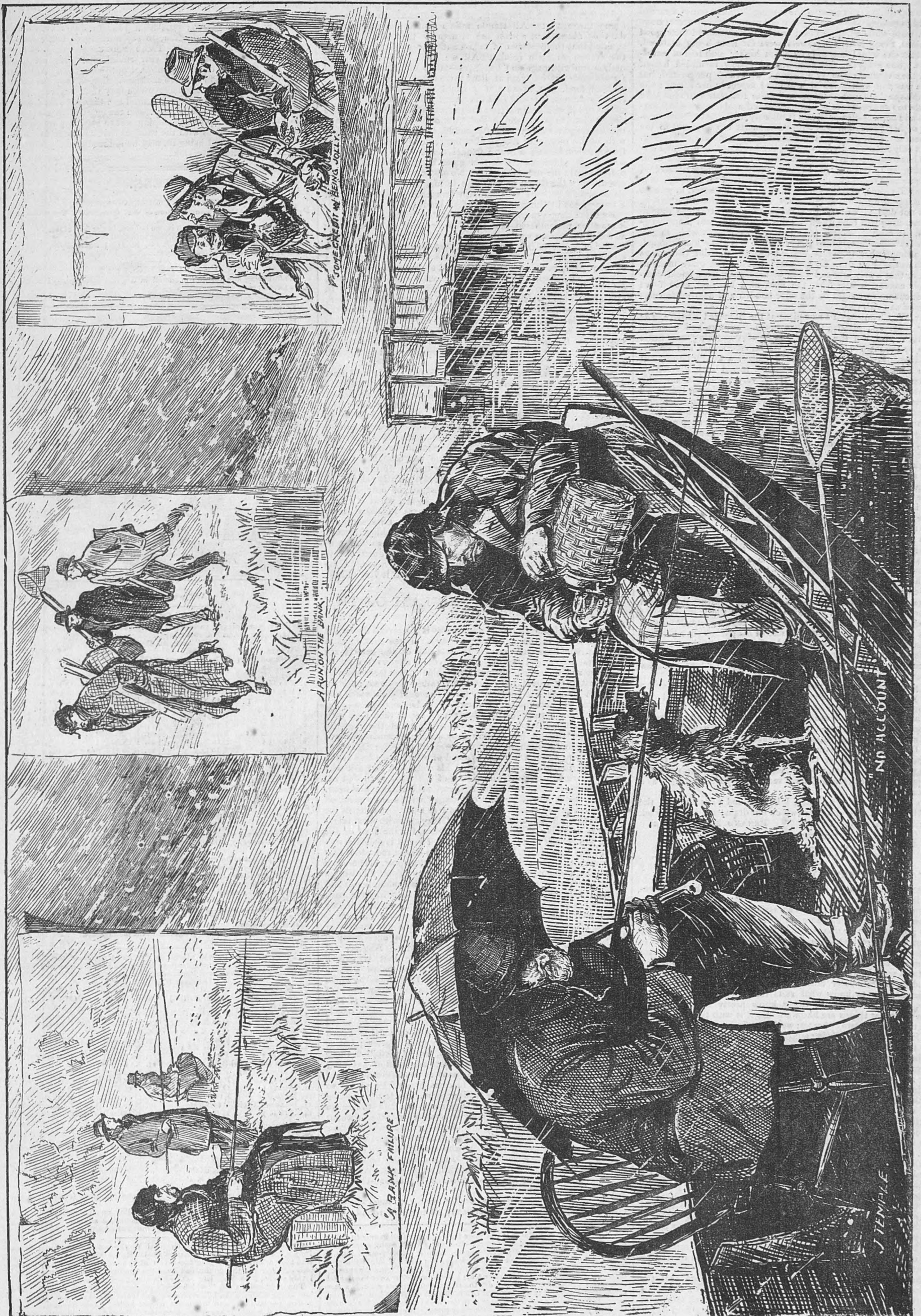
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THAMES FISHING: THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

PENCILINGS FROM THE PLAYS.

WHEN Miss Isabella Pateman made her *début* on the London stage, in October, 1876, she brought with her from America no mean reputation, and most of the leading dramatic critics awarded her high praise. Some thoughtful old playgoers there were, however, who, while admitting that she had fairly earned their good opinions, thought her full powers were far from being matured, and that she would yet touch a much higher standard of excellence. She evidently felt deeply, and closely identified herself with the characters she sympathised with and personated, but there was still something of a studied aspect in her acting; the passion she displayed never seemed quite real, her attitudes were a little too suggestive of preliminary experiments before a looking-glass and her knowledge of, and familiarity with, the technical business of her profession was made somewhat too apparent to the audience. That perfection of fine art which conceals art and suggests only nature had yet to be acquired. Since then, Miss Pateman has been often before us, and when I last saw her—the other evening at the Standard Theatre, where she is now playing—I felt sure that the slight defects already referred to, although they were still visible, were less marked, and were, moreover, in process of disappearing. Moreover, *East Lynne*, popular though it is, does not deal with the most possible of incidents, and although clever acting will tone down its inconsistencies and improbabilities, it cannot affect the feelings as it otherwise might. Miss Isabella Pateman, as Lady Isabel, was thus handicapped, and although her talent is beyond dispute, she did perhaps as much as could be done for her part; but did not quite make us believe that a grey wig and a pair of blue spectacles could completely conceal a wife from the eyes of a husband, even if we admit changes wrought on the once familiar and beloved features by grief and sickness.

Mr. W. Chamberlain's new piece at the Standard Theatre, *The Poor Engineer*, although it has much freshness and dramatic strength, also has the common fault of weakening its realistic force by the introduction of palpable impossibilities and improbabilities. Robert Turner is an engineer, a kindly father, but stern household disciplinarian, at once feared and beloved by his amiable wife and daughter. He is very poor, but morbidly sensitive and proud, honourably ambitious of rising in the world by means of his inventions, and without any conscientious scruples in neglecting for them the work he should be doing for his master. His frequent absence from his shop not only plunges his family into poverty and trouble, but generates a false belief in his being a drunkard, and lazy, which at last causes him to be dismissed. He is too proud to explain. But his loving daughter, Dora, in a passion of grief and indignation, although with much fear and trembling, lest her father should discover it, writes to the master describing the real cause of his frequent absence from his bench. The result is a kind letter sent by a clerk, who is in love with Dora, inviting Robert Turner to return to his work. Dora so earnestly begs the clerk to convey the message to her father without mentioning her letter that he, playing upon her evident terror, makes his silence conditional upon her giving a favourable reply to his suit. She refuses, he betrays her secret, and the poor engineer, in a burst of furious rage, denounces the unfortunate girl, who cowers shrieking at his feet, and he is on the point of striking her, when his arm is seized by a new-comer, and the act-drop falls. The second act sees Robert Turner a wealthy man in a stylish residence, a partner in the firm he formerly worked for, and from this point the inconsistencies and absurdities of the plot were so many that we lost all interest in its progress. The signature of one of his partners to a business document of the firm is pronounced a forgery, and brings about a police case pregnant with all sorts of sensational disasters. My sketch, from the first act, represents Dora and her lover, Charles Spicer, gravely discussing the difficulties of their position.

A pretty and amusing musical trifle has been produced at the Gaiety Theatre by Mr. Peyton Wrey, with music selected and arranged by W. Meyer Lutz. It is called *A Pair of Them*. The plot has already been described in these columns, and my sketch represents its final scene—that in which Mrs. Merryweather (Miss Wadman) removes her mask, and so reveals to Mr. Merryweather (Mr. C. Fawcett) the features of his wife, to whom he had been making fierce love under the impression that she was a truant stranger, in the costume of an Arcadian shepherdess, from the masquerade at which he had been secretly disporting himself as a gay cavalier.

To conclude my pencilings, I have added a sketch from the Marylebone Theatre of a piece which our dramatic critic last week described in favourable terms.

PENANDPENCILHOLDER.

VETERINARIAN.

CATARRH, OR COMMON COLD IN HORSES.

NEXT to the ailment on which we wrote last week, this affection is perhaps the most common in the stable and, like colic, may often be treated quite successfully by amateurs. As a matter of fact, it is often successfully treated by amateurs who are in a position to bear upon it tact and common sense. If we view things as they really are, or in other words, if we look facts in the face, we find that most men do not care to call in their doctor for every little ache and pain. Mothers are poor helpless creatures who do not, after a few experiences, learn to give simple remedies to their later born sons and daughters. Men, and women too, get to know what suits their own peculiar constitutions, and after the age of thirty know pretty well what suits them and what things are harmful. So it is with those entrusted with the constant care of horses; we do not find them running to the vet. for every trifling passing ailment. To be sure they sometimes fall into error and mistake grave disease for a simple passing ailment, but the writer's experience, which has been extensive, has taught him that those really capable of looking after and attending upon horses know as well when they have the least ache or pain as they do when such befall themselves. On the other hand, if a gentleman finds a groom having about him one cherished recipe which he looks upon as a cure for all the ills horseflesh is heir to, the sooner a separation takes place the better. If, again, a gentleman finds his groom boastfully setting aside the veterinarian's opinion and treatment of a case, and attempting to usurp the professional place, the owner should take the hint that he has a dangerous person on his premises, and should act accordingly.

Simple uncomplicated catarrh can be quite well treated by amateurs, as a rule. It shows itself first of all by dulness and loss of appetite. Then sneezing and moist cough come on, and the eyes are full and heavy-looking, and suffused with tears, which may run over the cheeks. The lining of the nose is also angry-looking and watery, and the mouth is hotter than usual. The breathing is slightly disturbed. The above description is that of *uncomplicated* catarrh, and can be quite well treated by an intelligent amateur.

The treatment should be based on the knowledge that the ailment left quite alone will vanish in from three to six days by a natural process thus:—The slight fever and general feeling of *malaise* on the part of the patient prevents his taking food which would lie on the stomach undigested and ferment, and induce a serious train of evil consequences. This same feeling also pre-

vents much moving about and aggravation by work. Then, again, the disease is not only local—being situated only in parts in front of the upper part of the throat—but the open character of the parts affected and their very free communication from without prevents the products of the disease getting pent up and doing injury to the local parts, and consequently to the animal frame throughout. All simple inflammations die out in a few days of themselves, and if the structures they attack are so situated that the products of inflammation can get easily out of the system no harm results. All we need do is to keep the body warm with rugs and bandages—taken off and shaken, and immediately put on again at least three times a-day. Withhold all hard food, first, because if it could be digested, and it fortunately cannot, it would feed the fever; and, secondly, in being swallowed it would cause pain to the sore inflamed throat. Give sloppy diet, such as well-boiled thin oatmeal gruel. Sponge the dirty nostrils clean very frequently, also the face and eyes with a little very weak vinegared water, and wipe them dry each time afterwards with a warm flannel cloth. At the time this is done much additional comfort is given by similarly treating the parts beneath the root of the tail. No medicine *whatever* need be given, but if the throat be very sore it may be fomented.* The stable should be kept at a uniform temperature, not too warm. Fussiness, loud talking and noise of all kinds are to be avoided.

By these simple means all uncomplicated cases get well, but it must be remembered that the *fasting* and the *increased* rate at which the tissues waste during the ailment bring down the condition. When the fever has passed away, the most unobtrusive may notice its departure by the increasing cheerfulness of the patient, and his again noticing and taking an interest in his surroundings, coupled with his looking out for food in the rack, manger, and among the straw on which he is standing. In returning to food we should take care to do so by degrees—very small feeds and often—as the stomach is also weakened by the other muscle-containing structures, and cannot deal with lard loads as in health. In convalescence the most scrupulous care should be taken in the matter of cleanliness; and, warmly clothed, the horse should be often in the open air, led by a gentle and sympathising friend.

So much for simple *uncomplicated* catarrh. We will now describe complicated catarrh in order that amateurs may be warned not to attempt to treat it. The principle on which we regard complications such as those which occur in catarrh is this:—Any structure on becoming inflamed in any one of its parts is prone to become attacked by inflammation of its whole or greater part by the spreading or extension of the inflammation that is already attacking it in part. In catarrh we have inflammation of a part of a membrane which lines the wind-pipe and bronchial tubes; also which lines the gullet and alimentary track. If the inflammation creeps down on to the lungs—as it is popularly called—we have the breathing *much* quickened instead of only *slightly* quickened as in uncomplicated catarrh. Again, when it creeps down on to the bowels it brings on catarrh in them either in the form of a watery diarrhoea, or instead we have simply a *coating-over* of the evacuations with a greasy-looking matter, which caused the older horse-leeches to call the affection “molten-grease.” By bearing these simple facts in mind any amateur may tell a case of complicated catarrh which he is to let alone. If he attempts to treat such a case he is a donkey, to put it very mildly.

THAMES FISHING: THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

THAT there is no accounting for tastes is a proverb the origin of which is lost in the mists of antiquity. These gentlemen in the punt, who have come out for the last day of the season, are doubtless enjoying themselves, as devoted anglers do in all weathers and under all circumstances, albeit their faces seem to show that they would have preferred rather less rain; for an umbrella in one hand detracts from the skill with which the holder can handle a rod in the other. The man who on a good horse follows a pack of foxhounds will, as a rule, look with supreme contempt upon these diligent disciples of the “gentle Isaac,” and though his reading may not be extensive, he will probably know enough of English literature to quote Dr. Johnson's epigram about a worm at one end of a line and a fool at the other; but the Waltonian will repel his contempt, and ask why a sensible man should put himself out of the way, go to vast expense, to say nothing of the contingency of breaking his neck, for the sake of providing a lot of “dogs” with a hasty meal off such an eminently unsavoury little beast as a fox. “What is the good of him when you have got him?” they ask, with what seems to them complete triumph; while anglers, for the love of the sport, will protest that a *friture* from the Thames is delicate, succulent, and appetising. Nor will the man with a rod admit that the man with a gun enjoys one whit the better sport. There is a monotony, these damp gentlemen would vow, about following a dog till he gives evidence that game is in the neighbourhood, and in their knocking over the poor flutterers or the affrighted park hare, by way of a slight variation. But when you have boldly taken your seat in a trim punt, with your line over the side—having taken the precaution to ground-bait the spot for two or three days in advance—you have all the glorious uncertainty of not knowing what you may have to deal with. Anglers will protest that by the manner in which the bait is closely investigated they can tell what fish is down below making up his mind about it, and they may land a carp which first saw the murky light of a deep stream in the early days of George III., and has never been beguiled hitherto, for it is said that carp live to be 150 years of age; in which case when one is caught and you read in the cookery book that he “may be boiled plain,” you are glad that his subsequent fate is optional. Tench may be a shade better from a culinary point of view; but if these persevering anglers catch any chub, and have studied those authorities which explain that he is particularly fond of anything luscious, they will be properly indignant at his selfishness, and that while he appreciates what is luscious himself he yields so little that is similarly agreeable to his captors. As to the question of courage, again, an enthusiastic angler who has had to remove his hook from the well-armed jaws of a full-sized pike, without having taken the precaution of first knocking the savage creature on the head, will have his own opinion as to the amount of daring shown by himself and by the man who simply sits in a saddle while his horse jumps over a fence. In one case the bold angler has a small shark to dodge and vanquish, while on the other the rider has nothing to do but to sit down on his horse—that is of course to say if he can.

One great advantage the angler has, it must be admitted—his amusement lasts practically all the year round, even

* Fomentations to surfaces of not more than a square foot in area to either man or beast are best conducted thus:—Get a washhand basin, empty, and lay over it a spread-out dry hand-towel. Take a suitably-sized flannel which, after being folded three or four times upon itself is slightly larger than the area we wish to foment. Place this folded flannel upon the spread-out towel. Now take *boiling* water from a kettle and pour over the flannel and, *quickly* folding it up in the dry towel, let two persons quickly screw the ends of the towel reverse ways till every drop of water has been squeezed out. Then quickly apply the flannel with the towel over it, and place over the lot a piece of mackintosh or another dry towel. If every drop of water be squeezed out, the flannel is red-hot and most *comfortable*; if any water be left in it will *scald*. Change as frequently by the same process as required, by having two flannels and towels going. A wink for you, Mr. Goutyboy.

beyond the time when atmospheric influences render fishing intolerable to any but the enthusiast. The close-season for salmon extends from September 1st (as regards rods for November) to February 1st, and this gives their would-be or actual captors much time to compass their destruction. Carp and tench are in season from August to April; perch from rather later than the middle of June to March; pike from June to February, though they are in the best condition, to say nothing of being easiest caught, during the autumn. Those who choose may bob or sniggle for eels almost all the year round. Grayling are good from July till later than December, trout best from April to September. Gudgeon come to such perfection as they can about the middle of June, and dace, which has that not very great qualification of being a better flavoured fish than the roach, are in good order by the middle of July. So the gentlemen elsewhere depicted may cheer up their drooping, not to say dripping, spirits, and console themselves with the thought that when one fish is out another comes in, and being in, may be induced to dally with the hook on some future occasion.

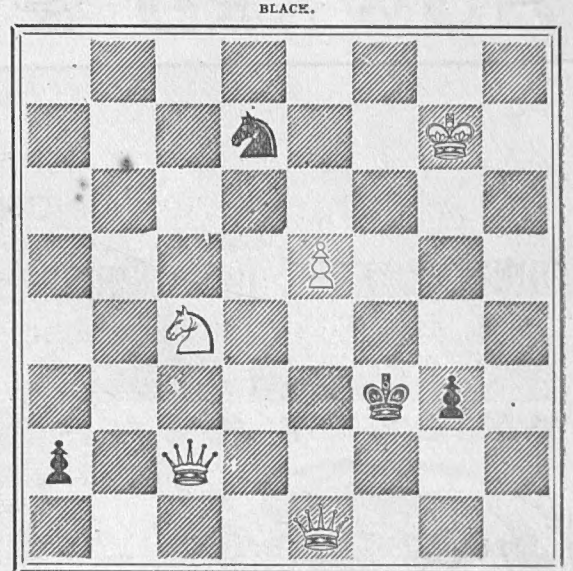
CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. L. A. (Harrogate).—Your solution of Mr. Grimshaw's fine problem is correct.
J. S.—The gentleman referred to is, we believe, in the fifth class.
E. M.—We have pleasure in complying with your request.
Solutions of Problem No. 221 by J. G., R. D., Juvénis, Tyro, “Jingo,” and W. J. B. (Reading), are correct.

PROBLEM NO. 222.

THE following fine position occurred in a game lately played at Simpson's Divan:—



WHITE.
White to move and win.

CHESS IN LONDON.

A lively game played recently in a match between the “Morpheus” and the “Ludgate Circus” Chess Clubs.

(Fianchetto Opening.)

WHITE. (Mr. Schooling, Champion of the L. C.)	BLACK. (Mr. S. J. Stevens, President of the M. C.)	WHITE. (Mr. Schooling, Champion of the L. C.)	BLACK. (Mr. S. J. Stevens, President of the M. C.)
1. P to K 4	P to Q Kt 3	19. P to B 5 (d)	Q P takes P
2. P to Q 4	B to Kt 2	20. P takes P	B takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3	P to K 3	21. B to K 3	Kt to R 3
4. Kt to B 3	B to K 2 (a)	22. P to Q 6 (ch) (e)	Kt to Kt sq
5. B to Q 3	Kt to K B 3	23. B takes B	Kt takes B
6. P to K 5	Kt to Q 4	24. R to Q sq	B to R 3
7. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	25. Kt takes P	Q to K sq
8. P to B 4	B to Kt 2	26. P to K B 4	Q to Kt 4
9. Q to B 2	P to Q 3	27. R to Q Kt sq	R takes P
10. B takes P (b)	P to Kt 3	28. Kt to Q 7 (ch) (g)	Q takes Kt
11. B takes P	P takes B	29. Q takes R	Q to K 3 (ch)
12. P takes P	Q P takes P	30. K to B 2	Kt to Q 6 (ch)
13. Q takes P (ch)	K to Q 2	31. K to Kt 3	Q to Kt 3 (ch)
14. P to Q 5	P to K 4 (c)	32. K to B 3	B to Kt 2 (ch)
15. Q to K 6 (ch)	K to B 2	33. K to K 3	Q to K 3 (ch)
16. P to Q Kt 4	B to B sq	34. K takes Kt	Q takes P (ch)
17. Q to Kt 6	R to Kt sq	35. K to K 2	B takes Q
18. Q to B 2	Q to B sq		

(a) A safe move; but as this B will find it impossible for a long time to get into active play, perhaps it would have been better to have pinned Kt with it.

(b) A style not to be commended; when both Queens are on the board a piece is more valuable than three pawns, and therefore ought not to be sacrificed for them, unless thereby a superior position is obtained. B to Q 2, so as to be prepared for castling Q R, would have been a good mode of developing his game.

(c) Better than taking the P.

(d) A useless expenditure of pawns; Black's position is well-nigh impregnable.

(e) A good move.

(f) Black exhibit a sound judgment in his management of the end game.

(g) A waste of ingenuity.

The following game was played in the third round of the City Club Handicap Tourney (now progressing) between Messrs. Blunt and Potter, the latter giving the odds of P and two moves.

[Remove Black's K B P.]

WHITE. (Mr. Blunt.)	BLACK. (Mr. Potter.)	WHITE. (Mr. Blunt.)	BLACK. (Mr. Potter.)
1. P to K 4	15. P to K B 4	Castles
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 3	16. R to B 3 (b)	K to Kt 2
3. Kt to Q B 3	P to K 3	17. R to Kt 3	P to Kt 4
4. B to Q 3	Q to K 2	18. P takes P	P takes P
5. Kt to B 3	B to Q 2	19. R to K B sq	Q to R 3
6. Castles	P to K Kt 3	20. B takes Kt	B takes B
7. P to K 5	P to Q 4	21. Kt to B 3	P to Kt 5
8. Kt to Q Kt 5 (a)	B takes Kt	22. Kt to K sq	B to K 5
9. B takes B (ch)	Kt to B 3	23. R to K 3	R to K R sq
10. P to Q Kt 3	P to K R 3	24. R to K R 3	Q R to K Kt sq
11. Q to Q 3	Q to Kt 2	25. Q to K 2	B takes Kt
12. Kt to R 4	Kt to K 2	26. Q takes B	P takes P
13. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B	27. R to Kt 3	P takes P (c)
14. B to R 3	R to K Kt sq	28. K takes P	Q to R 7 (ch)

(a) The only end attained by this move is to give Black's forces increased freedom of action.

(b) Had White checked at R 6, the game would probably have proceeded thus—

WHITE.	BLACK.
16. Q to R 6 (ch)	K to Q 2
17. Q takes R P	P to Kt 4
18. P takes P	P takes P

and Black's attack would have been a fair compensation (considering the odds given) for his numerical inferiority.

(c) The manner in which Mr. Potter “piles up the agony” in such positions as this, however painful to his suffering adversary, presents a scene which lovers of the picturesque cannot but admire.

AJEEB, described as “The Original World-famed Automaton Chess Player,” has taken up his quarters at the Royal Aquarium, where those who are curious to compare the styles of the rival chess-playing figures now exhibiting to the public can have the opportunity daily, in the gallery lately vacated by Mephisto. Ajeeb is also an expert draught-player.

THE “Morpheus Club,” which holds its meetings every Monday evening at the Mason's Hall Tavern, near the Guildhall, is certainly the most active, pugnacious, and victorious of our young Chess Societies. During the last month it has encountered the “Belsize” (St. John's Wood), the “Ludgate Circus,” and “St. Pancras Church Institute,” the score being even with the first-named club, 9 to 4 with the second; and 16 with the last.

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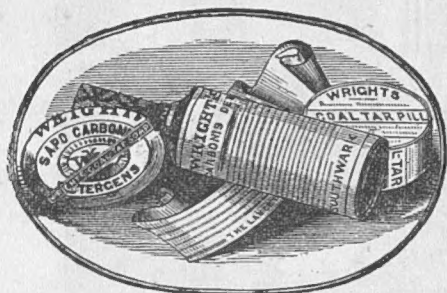
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WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

SHEPHERD AND CO, 15, Holborn Viaduct.—“Life’s passing clouds,” price 4s., words by E. Powell, music by W. C. Levey, is a song of the *quasi* philosophical kind, with illustrations of the hollowness of worldly friendships. The melody is vigorous, and, like most of Mr. W. C. Levey’s vocal compositions, is well voiced; while the compass is moderate, and the harmony effective.—“Good-bye,” price 2s. net, written and composed by W. Shepherd. This is a simple song with words which, if not strikingly poetical, are at least kindly in sentiment. The music is unpretentious, and the song may prove useful to teachers in search of ballads in which love is not the predominating theme. By a strange oversight, in verse 3 the word “perhaps” is treated as a monosyllable. The word “then” might easily be substituted.—“Fantasia brillante,” price 3s., by H. S. Roberts. An interesting pianoforte solo, in which a pleasant Bohemian melody

is served up in all sorts of ways, and always agreeably.—“La donna e mobile,” price 3s., is a pianoforte transcription by I. Gibsons of Verdi’s well-known aria. The variations are elaborate and brilliant, and the solo will be prized by advanced amateurs.—“England,” price 3s., a “brilliant fantasia on old English melodies,” by J. S. Stone, exhibits little of the “brilliance” suggested by its title, but is an acceptable arrangement of popular old tunes, with a few arpeggio passages to represent “brilliance.”—“Three Preludes and Fugues for the Organ,” price 4s., by C. Steggall. These are well written works. The Fugue No. 3, in G major, is worth the price charged for the whole set. The counterpoint is masterly, and the work deserves a place in every musical library.

“Shepherd’s Harmonium Tutor,” price 5s., ought rather to be entitled “Rummel’s” Tutor, since it is to Mr. Jos. Rummel that we are indebted for this excellent instructive book. The introductory musical explanations are ably and clearly written. The exercises are progressively arranged, and the uses of the

respective stops are made familiar to the pupil. The volume concludes with a selection of twenty celebrated melodies.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W.—“The dream of Pilate’s wife,” price 4s., words by F. E. Weatherby, music by W. C. Levey. The subject of this song is well chosen, and is treated with some elevation of style. Unfortunately, there are defects in the verses, the line,—

The cruel hands that wrought him *rué*,

is absolute nonsense—calculated to awaken irreverent laughter; and the sooner it is altered the better for the sale of the song among educated people. Mr. Levey’s music is remarkably dignified, dramatic, and effective. “Hope and Spring-time,” price 3s., words by B. S. Montgomery, music by F. Abt, is a vocal duet of pastoral character, 3-4 time, in the key of D major. Mr. Montgomery’s verses are well written. The music—though not of Franz Abt’s best—is melodious and pleasant, and the duet is worthy the notice of amateurs.—“On verdant hills,” price 3s., English, words by E.



SCENE FROM THE NEW OPERA OF "ETIENNE MARCEL," AT LYONS.

Oxenford, music by Abt, is also a pastoral duet, in which simple but well written words are associated with a facile and agreeable melody.—“Sweet vesper chimes,” price 3s., English words by E. Oxenford, music by Abt. With the exception of an indefensible attempt to rhyme “zephyr” with “ever,” the verses are acceptable and the simple melody is well harmonized.—“Chant d’amour,” price 4s., by G. Lamothe, is a pianoforte waltz, full of melody and variety, and well adapted to ball-room purposes.—The “Première grande valse caractéristique pour piano” (price 4s.) by Madame Oury, the well known pianist, will add to her reputation. The themes are varied and effective, and while the waltz is worth listening to for its own sake, it will also be available for dancing purposes.—The “Chanson Scherzo,” for piano, price 3s., by G. Buchmann, is a most agreeable *bagatelle*. The melody is fresh and flowing, the harmony unusually meritorious.—The “Lucrezia Borgia” pianoforte duet, price 4s., by A. de

Lorme, is an able arrangement of the principal airs in Donizetti’s opera; the “Masaniello” pianoforte duet, price 4s., by the same composer, is equally deserving of praise.—“The heart’s message,” price 3s., and “The lily bell,” price 3s., are two songs by Abt, with English words by B. S. Montgomery. With the exception of the faulty grammar in the line,

“O sun that shineth,”

the words are of more than average merit, and the music is charming.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—Captain Hobson, the new manager of the Aquarium, is especially mindful of the interests of those who delight in the feats of rope-dancers, “contortionists,” and “equilibrists.” His newest thing in acrobatic “sensations” is the marvellous behaviour of Miss Lala, a mulatto, who, hanging by

her bent knees from the lower bar of a trapeze with her face downwards, holds between her teeth an iron chain, from which depends a piece of artillery so heavy that it takes four or five men to carry it. While suspended in mid-air by means of a maxillary power unexampled since the days of Samson, the cannon is fired, and goes off with a report that rings alarmingly through the vast building. There are other performers more or less coloured, and among them a man of no light weight whom, grasping his belt in her mouth, Miss Lala keeps spinning circularly in the air in a horizontal attitude, and with a celerity marvellous to behold. The exhibition is a very remarkable one.

THE six days’ competition for the long walking championship commenced at New York on Monday, and a telegram of Tuesday last stated that Rowell, of Cambridge, at the time of despatching the message, had walked 110 miles; Harriman, 100 miles; Ennis, 95 miles; and O’Leary, 93 miles.